THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } PROPRIETORS & EDITORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1848.

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Original Poetry.

THE CHOLERA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

The jest went round in the lighted hall,
And the red wine foamed to the goblet's brim;
And the steady lamp on the corpse-like wall,
Cast a troop of spectres dark and grim;
There was a youth in his beauty and pride,
With his heart of strength and his eye of light,
But an unseen one moved by his side,
And a voice went out on the breeze of night;
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Coffin and shroud,
The humble and proud,
Hark to the tread of the skeleton crowd!

The song went up through the lighted hall,
The viol, the lute, and the mirth were there;
The sweeping dance and the quick footfall,
And the tones that melt on the liquid air;
And the proudest maiden in all that band,
By the sheen of the lamp grew deadly pale,
For there came a voice from a distant land—
Could it be that she caught its fearful tale?
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Coffin and shroud,
The humble and proud,
Hark to the tread of the skeleton crowd!

A mother wept where her infant lay,
As the mournful dirge of the wind went by;
She felt its pulses ebbing away,
She saw the death on its glazing eye,
And as ever the whispering willows swung
In the weeping beams of the angel moon,
And the owl from the lonely garret sung,
Rolled over her ear the haunting tone.
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Coffin and shroud,
The humble and proud,
Hark to the tread of the skeleton crowd!

Alone in the gloom of his dusky cell
The miser pored o'er his heaps of gold;
The light of stars on his coffers fell,
The winds were up and the night was cold;
A beggar without on the frozen ground,
Lay writhing, perishing, starved and sore,
While sadly and wildly a solemn sound
Ran far away over mere and moor;
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Coffin and shroud,
The humble and proud,
Hark to the tread of the skeleton crowd!

The sexton bent o'er a new-made grave,
Where the earth lay black in the cypress shade;
Hollow and dull was the sound it gave
To the flinty face of the gleaming spade
And ever as sank the cold blue steel
In that darksome bed of gravel and stone,
'Neath the downward might of the sexton's heel
Went up the piercing and fearful tone,
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Coffin and shroud,
The humble and proud,
Hark to the tread of the skeleton crowd!

And afar o'er river and city and town,
O'er the mighty forest, the foam of waves;
Where the valleys smile or the mountains frown,
Through the festal hall or the place of graves;
Wherever the foot of man hath been,
And the sound of the anvil or wheel is heard,
Where the Summer fades or the leaf is green,
And the grove by the wandering gale is stirred;
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Coffin and shroud,
The humble and proud,
Hark to the tread of the skeleton crowd!

Original Tales.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY JOHN SMITH, OF INDIANA.

I have a story laid up in my knowledge box, that seems too good to let sleep there quietly any longer—so I will tell it, and I rather think it will make some of the folks laugh. I have laughed over it to myself, a hundred times.

I was enjoying my glass of *flip*, one night, at the little old "Black Horse" that used to stand a mile out of S——, (I hadn't joined the great army of teetotalers then,) when a neighboring farmer came in, whose moderation, at least in whiskey toddies, was not known unto all men. His name was W——. He was a quiet sort of a man when sober; lively and chatty under the effects of a single glass; argumentative and offensively dogmatic after the second toddy, and downright insulting and quarrelsome after getting beyond that number of drinks. We liked him and disliked him on those accounts.

On the occasion referred to, he passed through all these changes, and finally sunk off to sleep by the warm stove. Being in the way, and also in danger of tumbling upon the floor, some of us removed him to an old settee, where he slept soundly, entertaining us with rather an unmusical serenade. There were two or three mischievous fellows about the place, and one of them suggested that it would be capital fun to black W——'s face, and "Make a darkie of him." No sooner said than done. Some lamp-black and oil were mixed together in an old tin cup, and a coat of this paint laid over the face of W——, who, all unconscious of what had been done, slept on as soundly and snored as loudly as ever.

Full two hours passed away before he awoke. Staggering up to the bar, he called for another glass of whiskey toddy, while we made the old bar room ring again with our peals of laughter.

"What are you all laughing at?" he said, as he became aware that he was the subject of merriment, turning his black face around upon the company.

"Give us Zip Coon, old fellow!" called out one of the "boys" who had helped him to his beautiful mask.

"No—no—Lucy Long! Give us Lucy Long!" cried another.

"Can't you dance Jim Crow? Try it. I'll sing the 'Wheel about and turn about, and do just so.' Now begin."

And the last speaker commenced singing Jim Crow.

W—— neither understood nor relished all this. But the more angry and mystified he became, the louder laughed the company, and the freer became their jests. At last, in a passion, he swore at us lustily, and leaving the bar-room, in high dudgeon, took his horse from the stable and rode off.

It was past eleven o'clock. The night was cold, and a ride of two miles made W—— sober enough to understand that he had been rather drunk, and was still a good deal "in for it;" and that it wouldn't exactly do for his wife to see him just as he was. So he rode on a mile past his house, and then back again, at a slow trot, concluding that by this time, the good woman was fast asleep. And so she was. He entered the house, crept silently up stairs, and got quietly into bed, without his better half being the wiser therefor.

On the next morning, Mrs. W—— awoke first. But what was her surprise and horror, upon rising up, to see, instead of her lawful husband, what she thought a strapping negro, as black as charcoal, lying at her side. Her first impulse was to scream; but her presence of mind, in this trying position, enabled her to keep silence. But you may be sure that she didn't remain long in such close contact with Sir Darkey. Not she! For slipping out of bed, quickly, but noiselessly, she glided from the room, and was soon down stairs in the kitchen, where a stout, two fisted Irish girl was at work preparing breakfast.

"Oh, dear, Kitty!" she exclaimed, panting for breath, and looking as pale as a ghost:—"Have you seen any thing of Mr. W—— this morning?"

"Och! no, and dear ma'am. But what ails ye? Y'r as white as a shate!"

"Oh, mercy! Kitty. You wouldn't believe it, but there's a monstrous negro in my room!"

"Gracious me! Mrs. W——. A nager!"

"Yes, indeed, Kitty," returned Mrs. W——, trembling in every limb. "And worse and worse, he's in my bed! I just 'woke, and thought it was Mr. W—— by my side. But when I looked over I saw, instead of his face, one as black as the stove. Mercy on me! I was frightened almost to death."

"Is he asleep?" asked Kitty.

"Yes, sound asleep and snoring. Oh, dear! What shall we do? Where in the world is Mr. W——? I'm afraid this negro has murdered him."

"Och! the blasted murtherin thafe!" exclaimed Kitty, her organ of combativeness, which was large, becoming terribly excited. "I'll show him what we'll do. Get into mathress's bed, and the leddy there herself, the omadhoun! The black, murtherin' thafe of a villain!"

And Kitty, thinking of no danger to herself, nor making any calculation of consequences, seized a stout hickory clothes pole that stood in one corner of the kitchen, and went up stairs like a whirlwind, banging the pole against doors, balusters or whatever came in its way. The noise she made aroused W—— from his sleep, and he raised up in bed just as Kitty entered the room.

"Oh, you murtherin thafe of a villain!" shouted Kitty, as she caught sight of his black face, pitching into him with her pole, and sweeping off his night cap, at the imminent risk of taking his head with it.

"Hallo!" he cried, not at all liking this strange proceeding, "are you mad?"

"Mad is it, ye thafe!" retorted Kitty, who did not recognize the voice, and taking a surer aim this time with her pole, brought him a tremendous blow along side of the head, which knocked him senseless.

Mrs. W——, who was at the bottom of the stairs, heard her husband's exclamation, and knowing his voice, came rushing up, and entered the room in time to see Kitty's formidable weapon come with terrible force against his head. Before the blow could be repeated, for Kitty, ejaculating her "Murtherin thafe of a villain" had lifted her pole again, Mrs. W—— threw her arms around her, and cried—

"Don't, don't, Kitty, for mercy's sake! It's Mr. W——, and you've killed him!"

"Mr. W——, indade!" retorted Kitty, indignantly, struggling to free herself. "Is Mr. W—— a thafe of a nager, ma'am?"

But even Kitty's eyes, as soon as they took the pains to look more closely, saw that it was, indeed all as the mistress had said. W—— had fallen over on his face, and his head and white neck were not to be mistaken for those of a negro.

The pole dropped from Kitty's hands, and with the exclamation—

"Och, murther!"

She turned and shot from the room with as good a will as she had entered it.

The blow which W—— had received was a severe one, breaking through the flesh, and bruising and lacerating his ear badly. He recovered, very soon, however, and as he arose up, caught a sight of himself, in a looking glass that hung opposite. We may be sure, that it took all parties in this exciting, and almost tragical affair, some time to understand exactly what was the matter. W——'s recollection of the loud merriment that had driven him from the "Black Horse" on the previous night, when it revived, as it did pretty soon, explained all to him, and set him to swearing in a most unchristian manner.

Poor Kitty was so frightened at what she had done, that she gathered up her "duds" and fled, instanter, and was never again seen in that neighborhood.

As for W——, he was cured of his nocturnal visits to the "Black Horse," and love of whiskey toddy. Some months afterwards, he espoused the temperance cause, and I've heard him tell the tale himself, many a time, and laugh heartily at the figure he must have cut when Kitty commenced beating him for a "thafe of a nager."

Original Sketch.

THE CZAR;

His Court, his Camp, and his People.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SECRET SOCIETIES.—THE REVOLT.

Secret societies have for many years existed and do still exist in Russia. Their avowed object is simply the reform of abuses,—they have almost effected a bloody revolution. During the first part of his reign, the Emperor Alexander was the idol of his subjects; the latter part of his career, differing so widely as it did from the former, saw more than one plot organized against his life. At first he had been the friend of rational freedom; he ended as the chief prop and protection of the Holy Alliance, blasphemously so called, as its object was to crush beneath the iron heel of despotism the love of liberty implanted by God in the human heart.

But as Alexander retrograded, many of his people, and especially of the military, advanced in the path of freedom. Very many of the officers who entered France became impregnated with the doctrines of Western Europe, and carried them back with them to their own country. It was the effect which our war for freedom produced on the minds of French officers who served in this country. The first formation of these societies may be referred to this period.

The enfranchisement of the Serfs had been a constant object of desire with Alexander, as it is with Nicholas. The opposition of the nobles then as now was violent to it, and induced many of them to engage in these societies, which, under the mask of moral reform, concealed sinister designs. Strange anomaly in the human heart, that in all the proceedings and discussions of these bodies for the amelioration of their own condition, they never gave a thought to that of the suffering millions around them. A feeling of vengeance was roused against the Czar, for a desire so to do, and from discontented pride and egotism sprang into being a conspiracy that had for its end not only a revolution in the palace, but also a change in the form of government. Secretly as these measures were concerted, a vague suspicion of them, if not something more, reached the imperial ear, disquieted the mind of Alexander, already inclined to melancholy, and led to severe police measures. The centre of the conspiracy was in Podolia. Thither in 1825 Alexander resolved to go, visit his army, and assure himself of the dispositions of his officers by a personal inspection.

These secret societies had very much increased since their first formation. They were conducted with much adroitness, from the discretion the members were obliged to use to avoid the skillful researches of the police. Free Masonry had long existed in Russia, and counted its adepts among the nobility and the military. There was an association called *The Society of Russian Knights*, the object of which was to put an end to abuses in all branches of the administration. It was at one time numerous, but its plans were so vague and indefinite, that it fell into disuse and many of its members united with another society, formed at the same time as their own. This latter was called *The Union of Safety*, its statutes had been drawn up by Colonel Pestel, an able and energetic man, and who was devoted to liberal principles. It was divided into three orders; the *Brethren*, the *Men* and the *Boyards*. These last composed the Supreme Council, whose decisions governed all the members. The initiations resembled somewhat those of Free Masons. The candidate for admission was sworn to entire secrecy. It soon changed its name into that of *The Union for the Public Good*.

It declared in its regulations that its only object was the good of the country, and in entire conformity with the views of government itself; its secret deliberations, it said, were solely to keep it out of the reach of the police. Beneath this mask it concealed a fixed determination to change the institutions of the country. As this was the most important of all the societies we will devote some space to it.

It was composed of four sections directed by a central committee which sat in St. Petersburg. The first was commissioned to pursue an entirely philanthropical end. Charitable establishments were among its attributes, and were placed under its immediate control. The second section was to be employed in the propagation of information, to attach itself to the moral and intellectual culture of youth, to give it an example of civic and private virtues, and to encourage it in good by its instructions. On the third devolved the care of watching the magistracy, and correcting abuses in the judiciary. Political economy and social science constituted the mission of the members of the fourth section. The executive power was exercised by the central committee. There were no special ceremonies at the initiations. They contented themselves with exacting from the recipient a written declaration of conformity with the statutes of the society. This written declaration was afterwards burned, without, however, his knowing that this material evidence of his complicity was destroyed. Each member was bound to pay into the common purse the twenty-fifth part of his annual income.

In this body, after a long debate, republican principles triumphed, and the death of the Emperor Alexandria and the overthrow of despotic power was voted by a majority of the members. But divisions broke out in their ranks and many members in alarm drew back. Fearful of a schism, the leaders declared the society dissolved in February, 1821, and burned the rules and all the written documents. It was re-formed in St. Petersburg in 1822. Pestel had, however, by his energy and ability maintained it in the south.

On its reconstitution the society changed its name into the *Union of the Boyards*, and was divided into two classes, the *believers* and the *adherents*. The privilege of nominating the members of the directory and controlling its acts was reserved for the former. Physical and moral proofs were required in a candidate for admission. There were several degrees, and the candidate was not received until he had rigorously satisfied all the required conditions.

The *United Boyards* discussed the basis of a Constitution for Russia, and at first agreed upon a limited monarchy, with the country divided into provinces, forming independent, but confederated States. But like their predecessors, they finally settled down upon the Republican form by an unanimous vote. They then arranged a connection between the societies of the North and the South, the latter of which had been kept together by Pestel. A military insurrection was the means determined upon to rid themselves of the Government, the entire destruction of the imperial family was deliberately resolved upon.

The society of the South learned that the Emperor Alexander and the Grand Duke Nicholas would soon reach the fortress of Bobriusk, to review the troops of the 19th military division. The occasion was too favorable to be allowed to escape, and Count Vasilkoff determined to try a military insurrection. Some men in the uniform of soldiers, were to seize the persons of the Emperor and Grand Duke, the troops were to be raised and marched on Moscow, taking with them all the military stationed on the road. Once at Moscow, that asylum of the old nobility, the discontented lords would rapidly flock to their standard. The plan had the merit of boldness, but the opportunity did not occur of testing it. A similar plan in 1824, at another point, was again defeated by the Emperor putting off his journey.

Although this society had entered into a correspondence with the patriotic Polish society, yet it was unable to disarm itself of the national antipathy to Poland. This was shown by its proceedings when a silly report was spread that the Emperor intended to restore to Poland the provinces which had been wrested from her, and fearful of the vengeance of the Russians, retire to Warsaw. It held a meeting, denounced Alexander as a traitor to his country, and decreed his death. It was only on the representations of some of its cooler members, who urged the absurdity of such a report that it reconsidered its determination.

The death of the Emperor Alexander, and the designation by him of the Grand Duke Nicholas as his successor occurred soon after this. It presented an opportunity to the conspirators of forwarding their plans, such as might never again happen. But to forward their views they found they must abandon their republican plans and adhere to a monarchy. It had been determined to induce the soldiers to revolt, to raise the banner of the Arch-Duke Constantine, and to use his name. The general or Supreme director of the Council at this period was Prince Sergius Troubetzkoi. This man proved himself destitute of every quality required in the leader of such a plot, even of courage.

But now on the eve of the eruption, there was no unity of views, nor of ideas. Doubt hung over them and almost paralyzed them, and nothing but the energy of a few determined them to go on. A programme was drawn up of the proceedings which were to be consequent on the overthrow of the Government. A provisional government was to be appointed, which was at once to have deputies chosen by the provinces, to decree the foundation of the Representative Chambers, one of which was to be for life; to create Provincial Chambers with powers somewhat similar to those of the Legislatures of our States; to transform the military colonies into a militia; to place the command of the Citadel of St. Petersburg in the hands of the municipality, with various other subordinate reforms, but nothing touching the emancipation of the serfs was said. Who was to be the head of the Provisional Government was not decided. They had, however, determined on the extermination of the Imperial family.

The conspirators held their final meeting on the evening of the 13th of December, 1825, and designated to each his duty. They could only calculate with any degree of certainty on one or two regiments and some companies in others. But they determined to trust to fortune. The next day the Senate and the army were to take the oath of allegiance to Nicholas, and should they allow this opportunity to pass, another might never occur.

The morning of the 14th opened dark and lowering over St. Petersburg. It was excessively cold, the thermometer ruling some twenty degrees below zero. The oath had been taken by several regiments of the Guards without opposition and without a murmur. Every thing appeared to be proceeding peaceably, when the oath was presented to the marines of the Guards, one of the disaffected regiments—they refused to take it—the General in command ordered the Captains of companies to be arrested. At this moment reports of fire-arms were heard. "Soldiers," exclaimed one of the conspirators, "do you hear those reports; they are massacreing you comrades." The soldiers, furious, at once followed the impulse given them.

The regiment of Moscow revolted at the same time. Prince Stchnepin, Rostooski, Michael and Alexander Bestonjeff and several other officers passed through their ranks, addressing them in terms best calculated to inflame them against the new Czar. They affirmed that Constantine had never renounced the throne; that he was a prisoner, as was also the Grand Duke Michael, the commander of the regiment, and that the oath exacted was an unworthy abuse of their credulity. They added that should Constantine become Emperor, he would increase their pay and improve their condition.

Such language induced the soldiers to follow them, and as the grenadiers made a show of resistance, Michael Bestonjeff ordered them to charge them and exclaiming "Seize that flag," he sprang towards General Fredericks, who fell, shot down by Prince Stchnepin; assailed by General Schenschin, he sprang upon him and killed him, and then turning upon Colonel Khvostchinski, who, with a sub-officer and a private, had attacked him, felled him to the earth. His audacity cowed his opponents and seizing the flag of the regiment, he marched them towards the square of the Senate, the general rendezvous of the insurgents. The regiment of the grenadiers of the guard, which had taken the oath, was also induced to desert by the efforts of a few of its officers, and from all sides revolted troops poured in before the Senate with shouts of "Hurrah for Constantine and the Constitution." It is alleged that in shouting for the constitution, their ignorance was so great, that they thought they were cheering for the wife of Constantine.

Had the chosen leader of the insurgents possessed the necessary qualifications for his post, in all probability Nicholas would never have reigned. A very large body of troops was in open revolt, and the contagion was spreading rapidly among the rest and the citizens. There was nothing which could have prevented resolute men from entering the palace and seizing the persons of the Czar and his family. They, however, talked too much and a still worse fault, distributed too much brandy, which instead of elating the soldiery as they had intended, only stupified them, and large bodies of men remained motionless, not knowing what leader to obey and contenting themselves with shouting "Death to Nicholas—Hurrah for Constantine and his wife Constitution."

The Emperor had not as yet shown himself. He was deliberating in his palace, and much time was lost by both parties. It is hardly fair to suppose that want of courage was in any way the cause of his delay; but at such a juncture even the bravest and most decided have not unfrequently hesitated as to the course to be pursued. His resolution was, however, finally taken, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied only by Count Miloradovitch, the Governor of the city, he left the palace and on reaching the Esplanade of the admiralty, opposite the perspective of Newsky, he assembled some hundreds of his friends around him, and mounting on horseback proceeded towards the rebels. Miloradovitch, who accompanied him, commenced an harangue to the mutinous soldiers, when a pistol shot, doubtless intended for Nicholas, stretched him mortally wounded at the feet of his master.

A combat immediately commenced between the insurgents and the faithful troops. Count Beckendorff had held the artillery true to their duty, and their fire made sad havoc in the rebel ranks. The field of battle was soon strewed with the dead and wounded. The leaders of the insurgents fought with the fury of despair, but in vain, and before nine o'clock, the place of Isaac, of which they had obtained possession, was swept, and Nicholas had triumphed. The Neva received the bodies of fifteen hundred unfortunate beings who had fallen on this miserable day.

Whilst the subordinate leaders and their followers were thus sealing their devotion with their blood, the General, the Prince Troubetzkoi, had fled even before the combat commenced, and hastened to the head-quarters of the general staff to take the oath of allegiance to Nicholas. Finding himself rejected, he took refuge in the house of the Austrian Ambassador, who was his brother-in-law. Others of the principals played a no less cowardly part. One of them on loading his pistols in the morning said, "It will be seen to-day that there are Brutuses and Diegos in Russia." This Russian Brutus appeared on the scene of action but for a short time, and then merely as a spectator. Another took refuge first beneath a bridge, and then in the house of his uncle, who was a Senator, and who, like a good courtier, handed him over to the Emperor.

Partial, but ineffective conspiracies also broke out in other parts of the empire. Moscow, however, on which the conspirators had counted largely, did not stir. Colonel Pestel, the soul of the southern society, with some other leaders, was arrested. A few of them, with a handful of men, attempted resistance, but were soon overpowered by the loyal troops, and such as did not fall by violence, were now to take their trials before the tribunals of the country.

The Austrian Ambassador was now compelled to deliver up the Prince Troubetzkoi on the demand of the government. When first led before the Emperor, he denied everything, but having imprudently left papers at his own house, which showed his complicity in the affair, and which had been seized, he was obliged to confess the truth. He then made a complete confession, named all the conspirators whom he knew, exposed their designs and entered into the most minute details, and then having finished the betrayal of his accomplices threw himself at the feet of the Czar and begged for his life. "You shall live," said Nicholas, "if you can support life, after what you have done." He was exiled to Siberia.

The trial of the conspirators lasted for six months. The final decree was rendered in July, 1826. Of an hundred and twenty-one accused, thirty-six were condemned to death, a few acquitted, and the rest to labor on the public works for life, or a limited period, with a loss of titles of nobility, or to a perpetual exile in Siberia, or to serve as soldiers in remote garrisons. Five of the thirty-six, among whom Pestel was one, were condemned to be quartered. This decree was modified by the voluntary clemency of the Emperor, and the punishment of quartering was omitted; the culprits were simply hung; the other thirty-one condemned to death had their punishment commuted to labor on the public works for life, having first been degraded. It has been said that Pestel had an interview with Nicholas on the eve of his execution, and gave him counsel as to the mode of governing Russia in conformity with the views and wishes of the aristocratic classes, and above all to favor ideas of nationality more than his predecessors had done. The execution took place on the 25th of July, and with it fled any hopes that might still linger in the minds of any of subverting the government during the life of the reigning monarch. A donation of 50,000 roubles was made to the father of Pestel, who, with the cringing pliancy of a Russian, accepted it as the price of his son's blood.

Several narrow escapes were made by individuals who were engaged in the plot; the most remarkable of which was that of Paul Demidoff. He lived in Moscow with Madam B——, a French lady. As he was either suspected or denounced, the authorities of Moscow received orders to search his house. He was at the time absent, but Madame B—— was informed of the movements of the police. She knew that a Secretary in his chamber contained a book in which he was accustomed to note every thing connected with the conspiracy; this book he called the *yellow book*, and no one was allowed to look into it. She hastened now to the Secretary to remove the fatal book—the key was gone. She searches for it, but cannot find it. Time is precious, the agents of the police will soon be there, and something must be done promptly. She immediately builds up a pile of light combustibles around the Secretary and sets fire to them. In a few minutes the piece of furniture is consumed, and the yellow book is ashes. "Now let them come," she exclaims. Her woman's wit had saved her lover. The search was useless, no proof could be found of his connection with the plot.

Secret societies still exist in Russia, but they are generally supposed to be weak in number and in force—and moreover, it is not from such political institutions that good has ever been found to arise. Revolutions to be successful, must spring from the masses and command their sympathies.

Selected Poetry.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

BY M F. TUPPER.

To the same Music as "Never Give Up."

All's for the best; be sanguine and cheerful;
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;
Nothing but Folly goes faithless and fearful;
Courage forever is happy and wise;
All's for the best—if a man would but know it;
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
This is no dream of the pundit or poet;
Heaven is gracious, and—All's for the best!

All's for the best! set this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of Despair may have wandered,
A waywearied swallow, or heart-stricken dove;
All's for the best!—be a man but confiding,
Providence tenderly governs the rest,
And the frail barque of His creature is guiding,
Wisely and warily, all for the best.

All's for the best! then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
And in the midst of your dangers or errors,
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man
All's for the best!—unbiassed, unbounded,
Providence reigns from the East to the West;
And by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope and be happy that All's for the best.

Pictures of Life.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

LOVE AND LOYALTY.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

The town of G——, on the Ohio river, was originally settled by French emigrants, principally royalists, many of whom preserve, to this day, their national character, customs and prejudices. Among these was one family of rank, distinguished for refinement and intelligence, who, having emigrated on the first lowering of the storm which convulsed all Europe, were enabled to bring with them a considerable portion of their once princely fortune. This family consisted of old Jean Dulaire, formerly an officer at the court of the unfortunate Louis, and still a faithful and fiery-hearted royalist; his daughter, an only child, gay, charming, pretty and petite, with Julie for her name; his nephew, Jaques Le Brun, a scholar and a gentleman, tall enough for a grenadier, but with an amount of modesty which would overstock a school-girl.

Now it happened, very naturally, in the course of human events, that Jaques loved his bewitching little cousin; but, "faint heart never won" a lively and coquettish French girl; and so, one fine summer morning, with a cold smile on his lip, and agony at his heart, poor Jaques saw his soul's dearest treasure bestowed by her father, fate and the priest, on a gay, handsome and adventurous young Frenchman, once attached in an honorable capacity, to the house of Orleans.

I suppose I may as well inform my readers that it is full fifty years since this marriage, which took place when Julie was about seventeen, and this makes her rather an "old girl" in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, for she is living yet.

The young husband, Pierre Loraine, who had been about two years in America, was poor, but enterprising, and had already entered upon an extensive trading business, on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. After his marriage, he remained with his wife at the house of her father, until the autumn, when his business called him to Louisville. He parted from his friends with a cheerful smile on his fine, manly face—tenderly unwinding the small white arms of poor Julie, who clung weeping about his neck to the last, agonized with those dark presentiments which ever haunt the heart of a loving woman.

Months had passed by, bringing most affectionate, though from the want of direct communication, very unfrequent letters from the absent Loraine. It was now the dead of winter, and his return was looked for daily and anxiously.

One bright, frosty morning, Julie was standing at the window of the common parlor, looking toward the river, with fixed and dreamy eyes, the heart within her hourly becoming heavy, and "sick with hope deferred." Against the wainscot at her side, leaned the pale and devoted Jaques—cherishing still for his fair cousin a holy and unalterable affection—a love as pure and as unseen as a crystal hid in the bosom of a rock.

Suddenly the eyes of both were attracted to a party of men, coming up from the bank of the river, led by old Jean Dulaire. As they drew near the house, Julie was struck by the manner of her father, and the expression of his face. He walked deferentially, yet proudly; he seemed both happy and sorrowful, and in his eye shone the light of a sentiment, with him, a gentleman of the old *regime*, true as religion, and ardent as love—*loyalty*.

The strangers were dressed as travellers, as at that inclement season of the year, should be dressed—with comfortable plainness, even roughness. Two of them were evidently but common boatmen, but the three in advance, who were young and handsome, though strong and hardy-looking, had about them that nameless grace, that air of superiority, of refinement, of *Je ne sais quoi*, which always, and in all situations, distinguishes *gentlemen*, the truly noble, wherever they are found.

Julie and Jaques were hardly surprised when they were presented to three of the princely members of the royal family of France—the Duc d'Orleans, Duc de Montpensier, and the Count de Beaujolais.

After breakfasting with their friends, these brave and adventurous young princes related enough of their recent history to account for their present situation and undertaking. After many months' travelling through various parts of the United States, they had heard, while resting for a time in New York, of the new law, expelling all the members of the Bourbon family from France, and that their noble mother had been deported to Spain. Their object was to join her; but owing to the then existing war between England and Spain, this object was not easily attained. To avoid French cruisers upon the coast, they determined to repair to New Orleans, and from thence to Havana, whence they thought to take ship for Europe. They crossed the Allaghany mountains to Pittsburg, in December. At that place, they purchased a keel-boat, hired two persons to aid them in their navigation, and thus descended the Ohio.

They found that the immense quantity of ice almost obstructed their passage—they had been in some danger from it, and had once or twice been obliged to land, and lay up for some days, awaiting a thaw.

But these heroic young men talked freely and gaily of their hardships and misfortunes—thus showing that their originally fine natures had not been spoiled by aristocratic habits and luxurious living.

As the day of their arrival was extremely cold, the travellers remained with the emigrant family; but the following being milder, they took leave at an early hour. The eldest brother, the Duc d'Orleans, his majesty, the present King of France, as he bent to kiss the fair hand of the beautiful Julie, kindly expressed his regrets at not having met her husband, who had formerly been his Secretary.

The excitement of this interesting visit having passed the wifely anxiety of Julie returned. Alas, how long was it destined to weigh upon her breast with mortal heaviness—to slowly draw strength and joy and hope, like blood-drops, from her heart!

Weeks, months went by, and brought neither husband nor letter; no tidings, no word of any kind reached the half-frantic woman, or her anxious friends. Diligent inquiries were finally made at every town on the river where the missing man had been in the habit of trading, but in vain—and Pierre Loraine was at last mourned as one dead.—Then, how desolation spread through that once happy home—its joy changed to sadness, and its light became dimmed. The once glad step of Julie grew languid—her bright eye tearful—she was missed from the dance—the chords of her harp were untouched—the voice of her singing was hushed, and her once loved flowers withered and died in the shadow of her neglect.

It was a beautiful evidence of Julie's own loyalty of nature that she never for one hour believed herself deserted by her husband. She believed that he had died by the hand of some foe, or perished from hardship, or fallen a victim to his own reckless daring, on some hunting expedition, when, as was his wont, he had gone out alone.

The gentle mourner was finally roused from the deep stupor of her grief by the severe and protracted illness of her father. It was again Winter, when the old man, who had long been failing, but whose habits were those of cheerful and constant activity, resigned himself, like a subdued child, to the stern dominion of disease. Julie, who, in her strangely darkened youth, had been longing with an intense and bitter yearning for the grave-rest, rebuked her selfish sorrow, and pressing her cross to her lips and heart, prayed for strength to fulfil that holiest of woman's missions—ministering to the wants and sufferings of age.

Thus in affectionate attendance on her invalid father, she passed the dreary Autumn and Winter months, till the warm pulses of Spring began to play through the chilled bosom of earth, and the blue skies once again smiled down on the coming forth of flowers. Oh, that our worn hearts might ever leap with the renovated heart of nature; that our griefs might depart with her storms, and our smiles return with her sunshine; that our complaining voices might never make discord in the song of her rejoicing, and that the tears of our mortality might never blind us to the infinite glory with which God hath crowned her.

Julie Loraine was daily becoming more reconciled to her sad, peculiar lot. She was religious and industrious, a good daughter and friend, and though widowed in heart and life, could not long remain a wretched woman. Her father seemed to revive somewhat as the spring advanced—but it was still evident to all that his race was nearly run. One day, as he was walking his room, leaning on the arm of his nephew, Jaques Le Brun, he dwelt freely on the event of his death, which at the best he believed could not be far distant. Seeing that Jaques appeared much affected, he said tenderly—

"You should not grieve for me, my son. I am old, and bowed towards the grave with many sorrows. I have been faithful to my king and country, true to the Holy Mother Church, and I do not fear death—its repose would be grateful to me, and I should even be impatient for it, were it not that I must leave the richest treasure of my heart—the angel of my life, my dear and devoted child, my Julie, widowed and unprotected."

"Stay!" cried Jaques, "have you forgotten *me*?—will I not remain her protector and friend, her own true-hearted brother?"

"Ah, my good Jaques, you have not that relation by nature, and the world will not allow you to assume it. Were you Julie's *husband* now—"

"I were the happiest man living!" exclaimed Jaques, in a quick, fervent tone.

Dulaire turned, and looking with earnestness into the face of his young companion, said—"And so, Jaques, you love my Julie?"

"Oh, uncle, next to the holy mother, I *adore* her! Yet she has never known my love, wild and hopeless as it has ever been."

"Poor Jaques! how must you have suffered, and I never divined it. Ah, there is much before our eyes that we never see. But Julie may yet be yours. Without a doubt, Loraine is long since dead, for he was not a man to forsake a wife, and such a wife. To you, my good Jaques, I could resign my child, and afterwards sink tranquilly to the last sleep. Go, and call her—I will talk with her alone on this subject."

Jaques summoned his cousin, and for the next half hour walked the hall without, in a state of fearful uncertainty. At length, hearing his name softly called, he hesitatingly re-entered the room. His first glance at his uncle's face reassured him; but he saw that his cousin had been weeping, and her voice was tremulous, though her words were calm, as she said—

"My father has related to me his conversation with you. I did not know before that you loved me, Jaques. I must have pained you many times by my lightness, in the days gone by. I know that should Heaven take my father from me, I should be quite unprotected; we should then be alone in the world, cousin. I have never thought of you as a husband, but I have loved you well as a brother, and I think we could be happy together." Here Jaques caught her hand, and pressed it passionately to his lips. Julie withdrew it hurriedly, saying—"Hear me out, I entreat you, cousin. I cannot be your wife, while there is one remaining doubt of my being, in truth, a widow. Should we marry, and should Pierre some day return—oh God, what misery for us all! No, no, ask me not to be yours, till you bring me proof that the cold earth, or the colder wave covers him."

Here, clasping her hands, she cried, in a tone of the most touching sorrow—"Oh, Pierre, Pierre, where have they laid you?" Then, flinging herself into her father's arms, she wept with all the wild grief of a first bereavement. Le Brun could but see that the love of Julie for her lost husband had never died, though the form of him who called it forth, had been laid by stranger hands beneath a stranger soil—was wasting on the air of wilderness or mouldering beneath sea-waves, "a thousand fathoms down."

Julie's resolution continued unshaken by the advice of her father, and the entreaties of her lover; and the result was, that, in the course of a week, Jaques set forth on the strangest pilgrimage of modern times—an expedition to discover indubitable proofs of the widowhood of the lady of his love.

Hopes and fears chased each other through his heart, as he kissed the brow of his cousin in parting, and looking into her blue eye, saw there a faint smile struggling with a tear—that beautiful strife which we sometimes mark in the cup of a violet, when the dew would quench the sunshine, and the sunshine will drink up the dew.

Our enamored pilgrim travelled but slowly, in those ante-steam-navigation-times, and it was many weary days before he reached Louisville, the place in which Loraine had last been known to be. It was a sunny May morning when he landed, and strolled through the principal street of that then inconsiderable town; and not even the thought of his strange mournful mission could sadden his spirits, in pleasant unison with the joyous season. We may chide him that he is eager to pluck the flower, happiness, though it nod over the grave of his friend; but do we stay to ask whose life was the cost of much that we enjoy?

Suddenly Le Brun remarked a stranger coming toward him, whose light, springing step, and long black curls were surely familiar to his eye. But no—this young man wore a foreign dress, and a large moustache. Nearer he came—and, gracious Heavens! it was no other than the lost Loraine! Jaques became deathly pale, and staggered as though struck by a heavy blow! Hope and joy died within him, and a wild and fearful feeling grappled at his heart. Had quick, stern thoughts been good sharp steel, Loraine had then fallen, pierced by more dagger-points than freed the soul of Cæsar!

But Jaques' nature was too essentially generous and good to cherish such deadly feelings as these; the reaction was sudden and perfect, a moral revolution. His affection for his old friend came back, and with it the bitterest remorse; and when Loraine, on recognizing him, sprang toward him with all the frank cordiality of a brother, he shrank from the embrace of the man he had wronged, *murdered* in his thought, and every kind word of the wanderer now tore into his heart like the fragment of a shell! But ere Loraine could remark upon his seeming coldness, another change came over him—he returned that embrace with fervor, and on the breast of his friend, renounced forever the sweet, vain dream of his love. He was roused by the wild, hurried inquiries of Pierre—"What of my Julie?—what of her father? Tell me, Jaques, for God's sake tell me!"

"They live, and love you still—come, let us lose no time in going to them."

* * * * * *

It was the eve of the first of June, and a fit birth-night was it for that rose-crowned queen of the changing months. The stars were unusually brilliant in honor of the great occasion, and freshness, fragrance and moonlight were abroad.

Let us look for a few moments into the quiet home of our heroine. In the pleasant little parlor we find her, with her venerable father, who is looking in far better health than a few months since he had hoped ever to enjoy. He is seated in his luxurious arm-chair, with his feet resting on a stool, embroidered by the fair hands of his daughter. He wears a dark dressing-gown of brocade, and his thin, white locks are crowned by a small cap of black velvet. On a stand at his side, lies a gold snuff-box, with a miniature of "Louis the Martyr," set in the lid. From this he often regales himself, giving always a glance and a sigh to the pictured semblance of decapitated royalty. But to drop this inconvenient present tense. Julie, clad in deep mourning, with a "widow's sombre cap" almost concealing her sunny hair, sat on a low ottoman at his side, reading in a loud, clear voice, for her father was quite deaf, the last, mournful chapters in the new novel of "Corinne," that gorgeous and unsurpassed prose epic, into which the soul and life of the grand and passionate De Stael were fused and poured like lava.

There was a hurried step without—the door opened, and Jaques stood before them! Julie sprang forward with a cry of welcome—but her eye fell on another form. She paused, clasped her hands, and one word broke from her lips—"*Pierre!*" But the heart spoke volumes in that single word, and the next instant she lay in a swoon of joy on the breast of her first and only love—her lost and her found!

And it was touching to see old Jean Dulaire; how he rose, and tottering toward the returned wanderer, "fell upon his neck and wept."

And Jaques; with his life-long love, tried, tempted and sanctified, was he not happy, with a happiness greater than theirs?—a holy pleasure, which nothing could take from him—the calm, sweet joy of self-sacrifice, of renunciation.

When the first half-delirious raptures of meeting were over, all gathered round Pierre to hear the story of his long absence, wanderings and adventures. But first, he removed from Julie's head, with his own hand, the widow's cap, and twined in her beautiful hair some half-opened roses, wet with night dew. Then, with that dear head leaning on his shoulder—one arm around the slenderest waist in the world, and one hand grasping his father's, he related the "strange eventful history," which we give as near as may be, in his own words:

"It was rather late in the winter when I left Louisville for home, and I was obliged to stop awhile at some small settlements on the way, to transact business. Just as I was about leaving one of these places, with a company of traders, all strangers to me, I observed a keel-boat near the shore, containing a number of men, which had become encompassed and blocked in with the ice. I could persuade no one to go with me in a boat to the assistance of the strangers, so I took a long pole in my hand, and *walked* to them, on the floating ice, leaping from block to block. I reached the boat in safety, and found—ah, you will scarcely believe me when I say that I found three of those men to be our young exiled princes, the Duc D'Orleans, Duc de Montpensier, and the Count de Beaujolais! They had come in this manner, the brave young men, all the way from Pittsburg. But I forget—you must know of their undertaking, for they told me that they stayed one night with you.

"A day or two before I encountered them, their helmsman had been taken ill, and given up, and thus they had got into trouble. But I soon got them free of the ice, and brought them safely to the landing. Then it was that his highness, and his highness' noble brothers earnestly entreated me to turn my face from home, and go with them to New Orleans. What could I do? There was my royal master, who, in his prosperity had befriended me, and could I forsake him in the hour of his misfortune? Ah, Julie, pardon my once obeying loyalty rather than love. I promised my prince, proudly, but sadly, to go with him. But I wrote to you, telling the story of my strange fortune, and gave the letter to the sick boatman, who was returning to Pittsburg."

"I never received that letter!" exclaimed Julie. "Ah, then, the poor fellow may have died before reaching this place."

"I will not weary you with a detailed account of our hardships, adventures and hair-breadth escapes—for we had enough of all these to preserve us from *ennui*. But one little incident now occurs to me. While descending the Mississippi, we commonly moored our boat at night, as, you are aware, the navigation of that river is very difficult and dangerous. One night, I was keeping watch, while my companions slumbered around me. I was thinking of you, Julie, and involuntarily raised my eyes to look for those stars I used to swear by; when I saw, shining through the thick branches of a tree, which overhung our boat, two bright, red lights—not stars, but the fiery eyes of a panther, whose dusky form I could just perceive. He was evidently crouching for a spring—I raised my rifle, and the next moment the creature fell, fell upon one of the sleeping princes, but *dead!*

"We reached New Orleans at length, in fine health and spirits, and the princes took passage that very day for Havana, on an American ship, which was to sail the next morning. At night, I went on board, to spend the few last hours with my illustrious friends, who had the cabin entirely to themselves.

"With a few bottles of choice old Burgundy, with songs and legends of *la belle France*, what wonder if time went by unchallenged! It was past midnight when we embraced and parted. I went up on deck, and, *mon Dieu!* the ship was off for Havana, with all sail spread, and far behind us gleamed the lights of New Orleans! I beat my breast, called upon Heaven and my wife, and swore at the stupid captain; but all in vain—they took me the whole voyage to Havana!

"Well, after seeing my friends sail for Europe, I concluded to return to New Orleans in the same vessel which had brought me out. But again the fates were against me. We had been but about two days at sea, when we were boarded by a French cruiser, and owing to my having about me some books, autographs, and a miniature, parting gifts from the Duc d'Orleans, I had the honor of being taken possession of, as an important prize. The rascals believed, or pretended to believe me a Bourbon, one of the princes, and, *malgre* my remonstrances, threats and entreaties, they took me all the way to France, and placed me in close confinement.

"It was then some months before I could obtain a trial, and though I was at last honorably acquitted of the grave charge of royal birth, my money was retained, with what I valued more, the last gifts of my prince. I was thus detained until I could earn sufficient to replenish my wardrobe, and pay my homeward passage. I wrote several letters to Julie, and to you, my father, but did not send them, from utter hopelessness of their ever reaching you.

"At length, I was able to take ship for Martinique, and from thence to New Orleans; from thence I worked my way up the Mississippi and Ohio—up to—*home*, I had almost said *heaven!* But I am sure you, my father, must be wearied by this long recital, feeble as you are. And see, it is almost morning! So, while we may, let us bid you good night!"

* * * * * * *

For many days after the return of Loraine, all was mirth and social sunshine in the lately darkened home of his friends. But there was one heart which, though not sad, was ill at rest, troubled with a pain which it could not cast off—the faithful heart of Jaques. This was his secret care—he had contemplated a union with his cousin, while her husband yet lived, and of this innocent treason Pierre was yet ignorant. The sensitive and honorable nature of young Le Brun revolted from the concealment of such a circumstance—he earnestly desired that Loraine should know all, but shrank from being himself the revealer.

One afternoon, finding Julie standing on the rose-shaded portico which fronted the garden, he entreated her to confide to her husband the plan proposed by her father, and acceded to by herself, with the condition which had led to his own singular pilgrimage.

Julie, the blush of whose second bridehood rivalled the rose in her boddice, grew startlingly pale, but at once undertook the painful duty, and as she perceived her husband reading in an arbor in the garden, immediately sought his side.

Oh, how long seemed the next ten minutes to Le Brun!—he dreaded the denouement, yet his suspense was terrible. Loraine was known to possess a fiery and passionate spirit, quick to resent a wrong or an insult. He adored, and might forgive Julie, but for the man who aspired to fill his place in her heart, and by her side, *while he yet lived*, what punishment were too severe, what scorn and hatred too intense? As these forebodings passed through his mind, Jaques leaned against a pillar, and covered his face with his hands. At length, he heard Loraine coming hastily up the garden walk—but he did not look around, or lift his head. Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a pleasant voice said laughingly, but most kindly—

"Ah, my dear Le Brun, my poor fellow, I am sorry for you—you lost so charming a wife!"

Selected Articles.

A GENTLE REPROOF.

One day as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a fine large codfish, and sent it home, with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking it was prescribed, the good woman well knew that, whether she boiled it or made it into a chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him once, if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in several different ways. She also, with some little difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it. I will bet any thing that you have spoiled it for my eating. [Taking off the cover.] I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You didn't think any such thing. You knew better—I never loved fried fish—why didn't you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish, you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some also."

So saying, she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod nicely boiled, were neatly deposited in a dish, a sight of which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill-nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish, this!" exclaimed he. "Boiled fish! chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind, you would have made it into a chowder."

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him, containing an excellent chowder.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish, indeed!" grumbled the discomfitted husband, "I dare say it is an unpalatable, wishy-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a large bull-frog, of portentous dimensions and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprung from his chair, not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right, and that he was wrong; and declared that she should never again have occasion to read him another lesson; and he was as good as his word.

THE FRENCH IN SPAIN.—During the invasion of Spain by the French, the breeds of Spanish horses were much injured, and some of the best nearly ruined. In order to prevent the Spaniards from using the horses for cavaly purposes, it is said that Bonaparte's marshal issued an order to "disable, and blind the right eye of every serviceable horse in Andalusia." The execution of this barbarous order, with the disasters incident to the French invasion, nearly deprived Spain of the noble race of horses for which she had long been celebrated.

ÆSOP.—Æsop, was a Phrygian philosopher and fabulist, and is supposed to be the inventor of fabulous writings. He was born a slave and passed through the hands of several masters, but at length, procured his liberty through the charms of his genius and acquired great reputation among the Greeks. He flourished about five hundred and eighty years before Christ.

I have never seen a more truthful and just portraiture of any one living, dying or dead, than this one, which Mr. Stansbury has fortunately sketched of the dying Ex-President."

They also asserted their strong opposition to the entire subjugation of Mexico, with a view to its annexation to, or incorporation with, the United States.

The first business in order as announced by the Speaker was the call upon the States for the introduction of resolutions, beginning with New York. Under this order various resolutions were offered

notwithstanding the diversity of men's opinions, their notice must be calculated to please every one and at the same time offend no one.—Dr. Johnson.

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NEW PROSPECTUS.

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TRULY A MAMMOTH SHEET.

REDUCED PRICES TO CLUBS.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, satisfied from the experience of the last two years that it is the "smallest destiny" of their paper, to take its stand at the very head of the weekly press, have resolved to make the Post more worthy than ever of its high position. They accordingly now announce to the public their intention, as soon as they can consummate the necessary arrangements (probably in two or three weeks) to

ENLARGE THE POST.

The enlargement they contemplate will enable them to lay the equivalent of eight more columns of reading, before their subscribers weekly—being in fact an addition of one-fourth to the present area of the paper.

CHARACTER OF THE PAPER.

The general character of the old paper—such as it has been under the supervision of the present Editor—shall be maintained.

It shall be neutral in Politics and Religion, at the same time that it shall not fear to speak above its breath.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ARTICLES.

Its Original Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c., shall be of the highest character. The faults of no article can be overlooked, from a foolish respect for its originality.

Its Selected Articles will be procured from first sources; and the readers of the POST may depend upon finding in its pages the best Tales, Essays, &c., that appear either in the foreign or domestic magazines. Thus laying the whole English and American world under contribution.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Agricultural matter, *of which the Post has always given hereto fore double the quantity of any other paper*, shall be composed of the best articles that can be found in the numerous periodicals devoted to the subject. Making in this way our Agricultural Department superior to what it could be made by the services of *any* single writer.

NEWS.

The News, both foreign and domestic, shall be full, and so far as possible, accurate—and be laid before the reader at the earliest possible moment.

MONEY MATTERS.

The Bank Note List is corrected weekly. A full and accurate account of the Markets, the Sales of Stock, &c., are also weekly given.

ENGRAVINGS.

Engravings of various kinds, *in moderation*, also shall not be forgotten. But the POST shall never be allowed to degenerate into a mere show bill, to be looked at for a moment, and then tossed to the children to play with.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our Original Contributors are the *AUTHORS OF AMERICA*. We always hold ourselves ready to purchase articles offered to us, at a price proportioned to their merits. But authors whose writings are of a ridiculously exaggerated and immoral character, may save themselves and us the trouble of sending them for examination. The Post is a family paper—*and no article not calculated to enter the family circle can be admitted into its columns.*

OUR TERMS.

The terms of the enlarged POST to single subscribers will remain the same, viz.: $2.00 per annum, in advance; $2.00, if not paid in advance. For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 3 years.

REDUCED TERMS TO CLUBS.

In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we have concluded *to reduce our terms to clubs*, as follows:

4 COPIES,		$5.00 PER ANNUM.
8	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$10.00 "
13	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$15.00 "
20	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$20.00 "

[We shall announce, probably next week, additional clubs to accommodate those who may wish to subscribe for any of the Philadelphia Magazines.]

A PREMIUM OFFER.

The premium offer made in the last Prospectus of the old firm, will be adhered to and continued. The offer is as follows:

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1847, and the 1st of November, 1848, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a conclusive answer of the whole number of the subscriptions, *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves *or* to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Money for Clubs must be always sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk—(When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible. The cost of which may be deducted from the amount.) Address

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☞ Editors copying the above, or a fair abstract of it, or who will give a notice of the new form and enlarged paper (we ask not that they shall be *pressed*, but be *entreated*) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such an are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive the thanks of the new firm.

BANK CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

We are indebted to the "Banker's Magazine," for the following valuable table, which is made up from the latest official Reports, and exhibits the number of Banks, amount of Bank Capital, Circulation and Specie, in each of the States. A few only are estimates, and these from correct data.

States	Population. 1840	No. of Banks	Capital.	Circulation.	Specie.
New York County	2,429,000	144	19,536,000	19,270,000	3,33,000
New Jersey		55	4,003,000	6,007,000	6,374,000
Pennsylvania Country	1,724,000	34	7,800,000	6,000,000	2,000,000
Philadelphia		14	5,122,000	4,300,000	4,200,000
Ohio	1,519,000	48	3,700,000	8,321,000	2,004,000
Virginia	1,240,000	6	10,000,000	6,000,000	2,000,000
Tennessee	830,000	26	8,156,000	9,000,000	2,300,000
Kentucky	780,000	16	7,918,000	6,000,000	2,000,000
North Carolina	753,000	18	3,765,000	3,000,000	1,200,000
Massachusetts Country	738,000	84	15,000,000	10,000,000	5,000,000
Boston City		26	18,962,000	7,200,000	3,200,000
Georgia	691,000	43	5,100,000	6,000,000	1,400,000
Indiana	685,000	13	2,000,000	3,000,000	1,000,000
South Carolina	594,000	14	11,000,000	2,400,000	600,000
Alabama, (Mobile)	590,000	1	1,500,000	2,312,000	1,000,000
Maine	501,000	53	2,500,000	2,500,000	200,000
Maryland Country	510,000	11	1,877,000	1,500,000	600,000
Baltimore		11	6,071,000	2,104,000	1,832,000
Mississippi	484,000	4	1,900,000	2,464,000	4,314,000
New Jersey	373,000	26	3,700,000	2,700,000	600,000
Louisiana	352,000	7	17,000,000	3,514,000	7,202,000
Connecticut	309,000	33	3,700,000	4,477,000	462,000
Vermont	291,000	32	2,500,000	2,500,000	200,000
New Hampshire	285,000	44	1,800,000	1,012,000	144,000
Michigan	212,000	5	2,000,000	800,000	300,000
Rhode Island	108,000	62	11,000,000	2,342,000	325,000
Delaware	78,000	8	1,200,000	450,000	100,000
District of Columbia	51,000	4	1,320,000	800,000	150,000
Wisconsin	30,000		200,000	100,000	120,000
Total	16,917,000	708	$200,831,000	$125,223,000	$42,270,000

STATES AND TERRITORIES WITHOUT BANKS.

	Population
Illinois	476,000
Mississippi	375,000
Iowa	43,000
Florida	54,000
Arkansas	98,000
Add population of other States	16,017,000
Total population, 1840	17,064,000

* Estimates.

Varieties.

AN ODD FANCY.

Our readers might know at once, that the following curious tale is not at the English, it is from a French paper:—

"We know," says the *Democrate*, "that the English were great amateurs in big art of boxing, but we were not aware that the mania went so far as to oblige them to get themselves beaten when they can find nobody to beat. It seems that a gentleman who put up last week at the Bull's Head Hotel, in Abbeville, suddenly awakened, late at night, with a violent desire for a boxing match; he rang his bell, and desired the waiter to bring him an antagonist upon whom he might expend the strength of his fists, but no amateur was to be found. But though the child of Albion could find no one upon whom to bestow the coffs which were tingling in the muscles of his pugnacious wrists, he declared it quite impossible to sleep, until he had at least been soundly beaten, and offered the sum of three francs to any one who would gratify him in this particular. This was easy enough; an individual soon presented himself; the Englishman lay down on his bed, and the bearer began to exercise his functions. At first he struck with some hesitation, but the Englishman kept crying, "*harder, harder!*" The bearer redoubled his blows, and applied them vigorously, but the victim shrank not, and it was not until a quarter of an hoft had elapsed, that the unfortunate bearer, out of breath and overpowered with fatigue, was allowed to discontinue his exertions. He had worked at least for his three francs, which were scrupulously paid to him.

"The gentleman then dived under the bed-clothes, and slept soundly until morning."

PHILOSOPHY.

C——— is slightly deformed, but finds an inexhaustible fund of amusement, to himself and friends, in the recession of his protuberant back.

An acquaintance lately met him, congratulated him upon the successful termination of a speculation, and laughingly expressed his opinion that C——— would rather come to want.

"Want!" exclaimed C———; "why, here can it be possible for a hunch-back to be ever in straightened circumstances?"—*Boston Bowsher.*

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1848.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dr. H. D. C. To our medical friend, who recommends the Post, from his own experience, as a sovereign remedy for "the blues," we can only say that it shall be our endeavor to insure that equally beneficial results shall always follow the taking of that sober medicine.

MY HEART IS STILL WITH HER. This poem has been received, and passed through a first hasty reading.

NOTICE.

The firm of Samuel D. Patterson & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent—S. D. Patterson retiring from the concern. The publication of the Saturday Evening Post will be continued by the remaining partners, under the firm of Deacon & Peterson—who are fully authorized to receipt for all the outstanding debts of the old firm of S. D. Patterson & Co.

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON,
EDMUND DEACON,
HENRY PETERSON.

Philada. Feb. 18, 1848.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The undersigned, having purchased of their late partner, Samuel D. Patterson, Esq., his interest in the Saturday Evening Post, request of the numerous subscribers of the Post a continuance of that friendly patronage for the new firm, which has been so generously extended to the old.

We are proud to acknowledge that upon the list of the Saturday Evening Post are found many names reaching almost back to its commencement, nearly twenty-seven years ago—while very many have been upon its list from ten to twenty years. To all such "old subscribers," we send a warm greeting upon this occasion.

And to the thousands of others that have added their names to our list within the last two years, during which time (with the exception of the first two months) the Post has been under the exclusive editorial management of one of the undersigned, we also return our hearty thanks and good wishes.

But the undersigned do not intend to rest content with returning mere thanks alone to their friends, old and new—they are determined to do more; to give them even a greater value than was stipulated for; to make the Post for the coming year even more worthy of support than was promised.

By referring to our new Prospectus our readers will perceive that we intend not only to *lower the price of the paper to clubs*, but to ENLARGE IT—to give in fact the equivalent of eight columns more of reading than at present; or, in other words, to enlarge the paper *one-fourth*.

We are determined to make the Post, *beyond all contradiction*, the best weekly paper in America; and we look to a large increase of our subscription list as the inevitable result of a generous outlay. We know the character of the people of this country—and we know they will support those papers which *deserve* support and success.

Now in view of the fact, ladies and gentlemen, that we intend to do for you more than the old firm promised when you subscribed, we feel emboldened to ask that you will do something for us in return. Who is there among you that could not get *no one* new subscriber—what thousands of you could easily raise on clubs of four, eight and even twenty—what hundreds that have influence enough to send on names by the fifties and the hundreds. Will you try? We trust you will.

EDMUND DEACON.
HENRY PETERSON.

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

We trust that the large number of our subscribers who are in arrears to the old firm of S. D. Patterson & Co., will see the propriety of sending on the various amounts due, as soon as possible, in order that we may close our old accounts. As our new movements to enlarge and beautify the Post will subject us to a large additional weekly expense, we shall be under the necessity of being more strict than heretofore in relation to punctual payments. We trust our subscribers will not be offended at this, and that those whose names we are compelled to drop from our list, will not find fault with us for so doing, but will continue to cherish the old friendly feeling towards the Post and its proprietors.

CITY WEEKLY PRESS.

The conductors of the daily papers of our cities, and of the weeklies of the country, often take occasion to impress upon their readers the importance of upholding them, apart from their merely literary and educational value. They say very justly, that a good paper is of the highest importance to a town or neighborhood, that it infuses a layer of enterprise into the people, is a ready means of calling public attention to any proposed local movement, and thus becomes in the end the source of even pecuniary benefit. But the conductors of the city weeklies, seem not to properly appreciate their own worth, in any other aspect than as relates to literary amusement and instruction.

But does not the city weekly press, circulating in all parts of the country from Maine to Texas, also exert its peculiar influence for good? Are not such papers as the Post calculated to bind the great and majestic Union together? Do not they exercise a similar effect in the world of thought and feeling, to that exerted by Railroads and Magnetic Telegraphs, linking State and State together, in the material world? We think so.

The man in Louisiana or in New Hampshire, who reads weekly a paper published in Philadelphia, gradually loses any little local prejudices he may possess—he gradually acquires the habit of looking at things more from a national than a state point of view—he begins to think of Philadelphia as being in the same country as his own little town—and as he reads the poetry or the prose of the correspondent in Missouri or Wisconsin, imbibes with a respect and friendly feeling for the author, a respect and friendliness towards the particular section from which he dates.

It can thus be plainly shown that the large city weeklies, with their subscribers in every State of the Union, minister to an end equally important as the general one of affording literary amusement and instruction—an end which commends itself to the patriot, and all who desire the perpetuity of the Union.

ABD-EL-KADER.

Our readers doubtless noticed in our Foreign News of some weeks back, that this gallant chieftain had been forced to succumb at length to the superior power of his civilized enemies. He did so under a pledge of not being held as a captive by France, but of being allowed to retire to Egypt or some other Mohammedan country.

But what do Christian kings care for promises made to barbarian unbelievers! The French Government, it is stated, have deliberately resolved to disregard the terms under which their unhappy captive surrendered, and to confine him for the rest of his life in France.

And this is the same France which on account of Britain's treatment of her great countryman, calls England "*Perfidious* Albion!" But no, it is not the French people who have done this thing; but the French Government—the king of the "monopolists,"—who has thus violated the plighted word of his generals.

And not only has he thus broken faith with the captive Emir, but he has subjected him to personal indignities to force him to ask that he may be *allowed* to remain in France, in order to cloak his perjury. One account says:—

Abd-el-Kader, after being confined for several days in the Lazaretto at Toulon, has been transferred to a Venetian prison at Fort Lamalgue, where he is treated with great rigor, in consequence of his refusal to write a letter to the King, thanking his Majesty for the hospitable reception he had received (in the Lazaretto,) renouncing the convention with Gen. Lamoricière and the Duke d'Aumale, expressing his ardent desire to live and die in France, and, above all, begging the permission of the King to be allowed to visit Paris, in order that he may make his submission to his Majesty in person.

Alas, for the gallant Abd-el-Kader! his enemies have conquered, and he is a captive in a strange land—all is lost, save honor.

Alas, for the "citizen King!" he is triumphant, he is full of riches, he is on the throne of his native country—all is gained, save honor.

THE TALISMANS.

We expect to commence next week the publication of a tale of deep interest called "The Talismans." It is something entirely out of the common order and will make a sensation. Persons wishing to subscribe had better begin with the next number.

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

A prisoner confined in the New York State prison for larceny, on Monday attempted an escape on the ice. He had worked in the quarrying gang, but has been being out of order, he had some leisure time, which he employed in making himself a pair of skates, and on Monday in fastened them to his feet and skated off on the ice that had formed in front of the prison at Sing Sing. He was seen by one of the guards, who gave chase to him, and the ice being exceedingly rough, he was unable to make much headway, and consequently was soon overtaken and conveyed back. He was then formally *ordered to receive twelve lashes, as a punishment, and afterwards placed at his work again.*

We take the above from a contemporary, for the purpose of making a few remarks upon it. We confess, however, that we do not fully understand its meaning. We were ignorant until this moment, that men were punished in American prisons for making *peaceable* efforts to escape. Of course a prisoner will escape if he can, he be guilty or not guilty of the crime for which he is confined. And no prisoner should be blamed for it, much less *punished*. It may be necessary to subject a recovered prisoner to greater restraint than before; but punishment and restraint may be made two very different things.

"Copious shower-baths"—what does this mean? Shower-baths are pleasant, used in moderation—but they may be made most terrible punishments. We have heard tales in times past of the New York prisons, and if a man for simply trying to escape—the most natural thing in the world—is to be subjected to "copious shower-baths," it would be well to examine what other brutalities are practised within their shriek-smothering walls. The keepers of prisons may be not totally good characters in the world, and yet within their little kingdoms be fiends incarnate. It is not for Republicans to be told what absolute and irresponsible power is, and such is in most cases that of the head jailer. If he abuses his power, who is there to hold him accountable, who even to make the fact known? Who that dares, or would be believed?

Society owes a duty to the criminal. In many cases all the difference between the Judge on the bench and the criminal at the bar, lies in the difference of early associations, early training. The criminal has got into a difficulty with a stranger or a companion, and in a hasty brawl, stabbed him: the Judge would have done the thing differently—he would have sent his challenge, met his adversary on the field of "*honor*," and lodged a pistol ball in his heart. The end would be the same, but the difference might be all that which lies between a Senator's chair and the gallows.

This truth is gradually breaking at last upon society—and the result is a yearly strengthening conviction that it is better to build school-houses and churches, than prisons; better to pass laws that tend to raise the degraded classes of society from their degradation, than to enact stringent criminal codes. And, so long as we must have prisons, that it is the duty of society to combine with those persons more and more, the leading features of the church and the school.

PEACE AT HAND.

The fact that a project of a treaty of peace has been agreed upon by Mr. Trist and the Mexican authorities is now put beyond a doubt. In the news from the Seat of War we give the statements of the New Orleans papers that "Mustang," the correspondent of the Delta, had passed through that city with the proposed treaty in his possession; and the Washington papers and letter-writers assert confidently that it has been received by the government. The correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, says:

There is no doubt that a treaty of peace has been concluded and ratified by the Mexican Government. The treaty arrived here yesterday. The boundary is what I stated in my letter, the Rio Grande on the Atlantic side, and the Gila on the Pacific Ocean. New Mexico and Upper California, including St. Diego, to be ours of course. We pay for California and New Mexico. *Three millions, I believe, are already drawn for by Mr. Trist.* A corps of our army, perhaps 12,000 men, to remain one year in Mexico. All this is as yet mere rumor, but well founded, I believe.

The National Intelligencer makes a similar statement. It says it has "entire confidence" in the report.

The terms, it is said, are much more favorable to this country, in relation to the payment to be made to Mexico, than those which Mr. Trist was formerly instructed to accept. Upper California contains an area of 428,000 square miles, and New Mexico 95,000 square miles. The population of the former is 23,000, and that of New Mexico 40,000.

The treaty will doubtless be laid before the Senate at an early day.—"Observer," of the Ledger, says, "in the course of next week"—and there can be very little doubt as to the action of that body. We congratulate our readers upon the prospect of a speedy close of the war. May it be in all future American history, known as "the *last* war."

A WARNING.

We have always seen the danger and generally refrained from publishing detailed accounts of murders, suicides, &c., knowing the singular promptness of the human mind to imitation. Just in the same manner that the recital of a noble or generous action prompts the reader to emulate that nobility or generosity in his own life, does the recital of great crimes tend to induce some weak readers, that they too are worthy of being pointed out for notoriety. This is not merely a theoretical opinion, it is founded upon facts of often occurrence.

The last case of this character occurred recently at Newark, N. J. Thomas, late of England, had been insane for some months, but had been released from the Asylum as cured. Some weeks afterwards, while reading a very long and singular account of the suicide of Dr. Wells, which appeared in a large number of papers, but which we finally concluded not to publish, (for which conclusion we are now very thankful,) the temptation suddenly presented itself to his mind to destroy himself. He went accordingly and procured two ounces of laudanum, which he swallowed; but timely professional assistance relieved him from the effects of the poison. A week afterwards he obtained access to a quantity of Sulphuric Acid used in his business, (destintaty,) and drank so much as to cause his death in about two weeks.

This case will be a fresh warning to us, and we hope to our editorial brethren generally, to avoid the publication of all such detailed statements of suicide or any other horrid crime. Such accounts do no good, while they minister to an unhealthy mental appetite, and thus do harm.

FROM CARACCAS.

One of our subscribers who resides in Caraccas, Venezuela, South America—for the Post goes regularly to Europe, Asia and South America, as well as to Canada, Mexico, &c.,—writes us as follows, under date of December 31st, relative to affairs in that part of the world:

The political state of this country, at present, deserves some attention; the parties are excited, and it is feared that a revolution will break out, the President acting against the laws and constitution, protected by a set of irresponsible persons, mostly military men, who try to rule this poor republic. The revenue is exhausted, and there are over forty-five days that the men in office have not received their pay for want of funds in the treasury. The President has been accused to the Congress by the Provincial Deputation for his actions, and the body (Senators and Representatives) will meet on the 20th of January, when it will be decided by either the deposition of the President, or a revolt. Gen. Flores, who is now here, the leaves on the 7th of January,) has tried to reconcile the parties but did not succeed. The General Pacz is at the head of the party of order, named here Oligarcas, and the President Monagas of the liberal party, composed of military men and people of color. I hope that after all nothing will happen, because the people here are of Spanish blood, which likes to talk and chat without doing anything.

Yours, very truly,
G. S. CIRCOVICH.

VALENTINES.

More valentines were sent this year than at any former season; in this city 30,000 are estimated to have been sent; in Baltimore 12,000 passed through the Post Office alone, independent of those sent by despatch post; while in New York 60,000 passed through Boyd's Express Post alone, requiring one hundred additional carriers to deliver them—the whole number sent in that city being nearly 150,000.

MR. RUSH.

A story has been going the rounds to the effect that our Minister at the Court of France is not acquainted with the French language, and that he often appears at a great disadvantage on that account. This is now asserted to be, what we supposed it was at first, the mere courage of some letter-writer's imagination—Mr. Rush being an excellent French scholar.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Our readers will notice by our Congressional report, that this venerable statesman was attacked by Paralysis in his seat in the House on the 21st inst. Both Houses of Congress immediately adjourned. We trust—though we can scarcely hope—that Mr. Adams may yet be spared many years longer to mankind and his country.

EVANGELINE.

Mr. T. Buchanan Read has painted a portrait of Evangeline, such as she appeared to his artist's eye after a reading of Mr. Longfellow's new poem.

Evangeline in the poem is a beautiful conception—"a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth"—and of Mr. Read's Evangeline it is sufficient praise to say, that it does not fall short of the poet's ideal. The following is the description in the poem:

"Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers,
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet here softly they glanced beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest hour she bore to the reapers at noonside
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its tower
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long streets she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and the sur-ringlet
Braided down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone in her face and enlivened her form, when, other confusion,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

Such is Mr. Longfellow's description of Evangeline at seventeen—before the blight had fallen upon her home and Acadie; but Mr. Read's picture has more mournfulness and pathos about it, and may serve as a portrait of the maiden at a rather later period. In one respect the painter has deviated from the poet—we think wisely—in regard to the eyes "black as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside." Mr. Read has given her soft brown eyes—which suit better with the serene repose and perfect patient faith of her character. Doubtless also the painter—if it had lain within the province of his art—would have given her a rather different breath from that described by Mr. Longfellow. The "breath of kine" is about the last thing we should think of a poet's comparing the breath of his heroine to. But every one to his taste, "as the old woman said when *she kissed her cow.*"

WELL THOUGHT OF.

We mentioned in our last paper, that the people of York in this State had petitioned the Legislature to keep their lawyers at Harrisburg, where nearly all of them have been summoned as witnesses in the Irvin case—being much pleased with the peace and quietness that have prevailed in their town since the departure of their legal advisers. But upon second thought, some of the philanthropic inhabitants of York have become alarmed at the prospect of a numerous and serious body of legal gentlemen being let loose upon society; and in the self-denying spirit of Howards or Father Mathews, have sent in the following counter petition to the Legislature:

The petition of the subscribers, citizens of the 19th Judicial District, respectfully represents, that they have learned with great surprise that a petition has been presented to your honorable bodies, asking the Legislature to pass an act for the purpose of keeping the lawyers at Harrisburg, where they now are, your petitioners being convinced that the members of the bar of York will do less injury where they are well known than where they are not. We, therefore, earnestly, but respectfully, remonstrate against the passage of any such law, and respectfully suggest the propriety of sending them home forthwith, and the people will ever pray, &c.

This petition was referred to the same committee as the other. The House was moved almost to tears at its reading.

A LITTLE MORE.

A little more, dear reader, only a very little more, about snakes. One of our old subscribers, writing from Morgan county, Indiana, says that the painted snake is common in the middle portions of North Carolina. He says they are very "modest and retiring in their habits, and are found in the tall grass." He has often gratified, not the snakes, but his "curiosity," by breaking them up. It is only the tail (which constitutes about one-third of the length) that is susceptible of being thus broken. He says further:

As to their re-uniting after being broken, it is all gammon. I have seen too many of them locomoting minus a *tail*, to believe that they would appear in company in such a bob-tailed condition, if they could re-tail themselves.

Our correspondent thinks with reason that he needs no other voucher that entire dependence may be placed upon his statements, than the simple assertion of the fact that he has "*paid for and read the Post for seventeen years.*"

THE OLD TIMES.

The editor of the Ledger has seen the following memento of the olden time. It shows how they managed hymeneal matters a century ago:

"My sweetheart as well as myself desire (if may use so much presumption and freedom) that thou wilt favor us with thy company at our marriage, which is intended to be at Burlington the 4th of next month.

"I am thy respectful friend,
"AARON ASHBRIDGE.

"Oct. 19th, 1746."

Ah, how the good old expressive term "sweetheart," has gone out of fashion—while "lady-love," and sundry other new-fangled phrases have taken its place. And yet, search the realm of love over, and what a sweeter or more choice expression could a lover find than that which the matron, the simple old term "sweetheart!"

THE MEXICAN PRIESTS.

As several disparaging statements have gone the rounds relative to the general character of the Mexican priesthood, it is only fair to allow the other side to be heard. Lieutenant Johnson of the 3d U. S. Artillery says:

"I made the acquaintance of several of the Priests, and found them to be fine and learned men. In conversations which I had with persons resident a long time in the country, I could never learn any thing of the scandalous lives which we have been so much accustomed to hear that the Clergy of Mexico lead. On the contrary, I every where received the impression, that in all their duties, whether at the altar, in the confessional, as instructors of the people, or as virtuous citizens, the Mexican Clergy are faithful pastors of God's Holy Church."

SMALL WAISTS.

Grace Greenwood, in her story on our first page, describes her heroine as having "the slenderest waist in the world." We are sorry that Grace should have thought fit to delineate any young lady on this fashion, and if she (Grace) were in the city, would see her, and question her particularly as to her correctness in this matter. But as she is in New York at present, we shall have to let her words stand as we find them—entering our protest, however, in advance, against the notion that a particularly small waist is to be regarded as a beauty in either man or woman.

ICE.

From fifteen to twenty thousand tons of ice have been contracted for by our dealers with citizens of Pottsville. This is a good deal better than going to New England for it. The ice of our own mountain regions is of the best quality, and its average thick ness this season almost ten inches. It can be delivered here at $3 per ton. What with coal for one winter, and ice for our summers, the Pottsville people may manage to drive a pretty profitable trade with Philadelphia.

A GOOD IDEA.

It is announced in London that a very large bank of discount is shortly to be established in that city, on the principle of paying interest on its deposits. Such institutions, wherever established, would inevitably draw to themselves the great bulk of the banking business, if the public could be satisfied of their continued solvency. Whether the profits of our American banks would admit of the payment of interest to depositors, is a question upon which we are unprepared to speak.

STABILITY.

The writers of monarchical countries have wasted a great deal of ink in times that are past, and still waste annually not a little, in commenting upon the stability of monarchies, and the instability of republics. A rather amusing commentary upon such doctrines, may be found in the fact that since the accession of Donna Maria, of Portugal, in 1834, a period of fourteen years, there have been no less than forty-two changes of the ministry in that country.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 126—adults 51 and children 69.

Life in New York.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

NO. XVII.

New York, Saturday Evening, Feb. 19th, 1848.

In days gone by, our good people were wont to amuse themselves in lamphooing the gymnastic feats of a native "professor of carpet dancing," who rented the fonts including the ruins of the Washington Hotel—now Stewart's. These placards announced in magnificent capitals, once gratuitous than the titles of Dickens or "Punch," that the "professor" was "Going at War with Mostha!" and was prepared to renovate carpets with philosophical precision and scientific accuracy *a la* every hard word in the Dictionary. The mantle of this dislodged worthy—a victim to the march of improvement and fashion—seems to have fallen upon the amiable person of Wild, the candy man, who periodically assures us, in *sonnets & fancy* circulars, that "there is no excuse for colds!" The window of his shop has of late been filled with an overwhelming supply of pen-out candy, in every possible shape, and in very strange looking leaden mugs and vases; one bearing the inscription, "Presented by the American Institute for the best History of the Rise and Progress of Pen-out Candy;" another, "Awarded by the Humane Society, for the best invention for the relief of *sinners* in places of Public Amusement," &c. It is expected that the "pillings" of the "Chatham," the "Olympic," and the "Bowery," will call a mass meeting, to provide a service of tin plate for this great public benefactor, for his incalculable services in the important concreting of pen-outs.

The bright, laughing weather which we have enjoyed during the past week, has been exceedingly grateful to that large portion of our citizens who have been occupied—as the Gothamites always are at this season—in the ugly business of "house hunting." Pleasant as all *field-sport* may be, this *street* amusement is only equalled in horrors, by the subsequent drama of "moving"—on the much dreaded May-day.

One of the most striking features, this season, in the circles of "upper ten-dom," is the excessive rage for literary soirees. These meetings, held at the homes of the lady members, number generally from twelve to twenty persons, or are sometimes restricted to the magic "ten" of Boccacio. They originate in the tertule transient of pleasant ladies, whose years whisper of "discretion," and whose tastes, as the painters technically term it, "bring down the color of the sky." They are held in rotation at the several residences of the members, or throughout the season at the same house, according to the question of "blue" on the party. A subject is usually given at one meeting, for verbal or written discussion, as the case may be, at the next; after which duty, come creature comforts, and other amusements. The directresses in these soirees, make their hobby the union of the useful and agreeable. During the business portion of the evening, they wear an air of concentrated gravity and wisdom; propound erudite questions during the remarks of a speaker, or the reading of a "paper," and are especially interested in the precise chronology of any mentioned event. It seems to be of infinitely more importance to them to learn that Adam made his debut in the year one, than to know that he was the great father of mankind—The literary labor concluded, the extreme severity is exchanged for the extreme of relaxation and frolic. The sternest brow then unbends, and to prove to you that while they consider "mental culture" of the last importance, they still do not underlook, to leave a wide string cultivation of the lighter, social feelings,—they descend at a leap, from the consideration of the infallibility of the Pope, to the pleasant pastime of "hunting the slipper!" You see, I speak as one having authority, as well I may—since I have been often victimized in these frightful haunts, and have this very night to pen an essay upon a very profound theme, for the next meeting of the learned Society of ——

Our peculiar style of dust walking, attracked some time ago in the "Home Journal," under the name of the Street Waltz, still prevails, and is even on the increase, in Broadway. How, indeed, can it be otherwise, unless we restore the good old custom of *home dances, back dances?* When twain promenaders so crowded a pave as Broadway, neither could make them, or in the rear of the counter current, away goes the gentleman on one side of the walk, and the lady on the other—and Heaven knows when they may meet again—While we have no better style of promenade, this Waltzing of individuals with the shoulder of one resting within the arm of the other, answers very well—this, however, with the provision that no excess shall endanger the anatomy of either party.

The unlooked-for death of the artist, Cole, since my last, has excited a feeling among our lovers of lessons and lovers of the arts, and in the community generally. He was attacked with pleurisy, which terminated fatally in typhus fever on Saturday last. We have no artist who could be so much missed as he will long be missed, for he was at the head of his department of art, and universally esteemed and believed for a thousand good and kindly virtues, the death of Thomas Cole is indeed a loss to his country. The erection of a monument to his memory, on some point or other of his much loved Catskills, is spoken of. I sincerely hope that the design may be effected.

"Lay him among those rugged hills
He ever loved so well
Let those gnarled mounts be the mark
The resting place to tell!"

GOTHAMITE.

New Publications.

TALES AND SKETCHES FROM HISTORY. *By Agnes Strickland, author of the "Lives of the Queens of England." Phila. Lea & Blanchard.* The object of these tales is to afford amusement to the youthful mind, at the same time that they impress historical facts upon the memory. The romantic parts of history, such as King Alfred's Adventures, and those of William Tell, are made the groundwork of delicious—sometimes in the same manner as Scott's popular "Tales of a Grandfather" are constructed. So far as we can judge from our own experience, we think highly of the plan. Pretty much all we know of the great heroes of Switzerland, was derived from a similar tale—one of the most enchanting we ever read. And the reading of such fictions instead of taking the place of history, increases its interest. Then in our own case, the reading of Bulwer's Rienzi, led us first to read what Gibbon said about him, and then the whole of the "Decline and Fall." Historical personages, after they are set forth in fiction, are no longer mere uninteresting historical abstractions—they are men and women, in whom a personal interest is felt, and every thing relating to them is eagerly caught up and read.

SCENES AT WASHINGTON. *A Story of the Last Generation. By a Citizen of Baltimore. New York: Harper & Brothers.* Seeing the name of "Dickens" in this volume, we concluded that the "scenes" at Washington must allude to scenes in which Icons either of the political or literary class figured—and therefore laid it aside for perusal. But upon picking up the volume we find more humor, we found, by reading a few pages, that Mr. Dickens was not the Dickens, and that no "lions" were to be met with on "them premises." This disappointment gone we read on, and finding the book, that we found ourselves unable to proceed with its perusal. Those of our readers, however, who have more curiosity than ourselves, can obtain the volume from *Lindsay & Blakiston*, of this city. *Price 37½ cents.*

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE. The March number of Graham contains three fine engravings—Expectation, Contemplation, and a Fashion Plate. The first, especially, is a beautiful picture—a fair lady gazing in the direction of her lover's coming. The literary contents of this number are rich and varied. T. Buchanan Read has a Dramatic Sketch which we think crowns as a whole more power than anything he has written—while several others are exceedingly fine. J. Bell Taylor also has a poem which we like much. The tales are by Frank Byrne, Mrs. Annan, B. Marvel, Emma Duval, Sr., &c. Mr. Cooper concludes "The Facts of the Gulf." Among the poetry we may further note a sweet poem signed "Gerda," and a lively written sonnet "To My Wife," by Judge Conrad.

UNIVERSAL HISTORY. *New York: W. H. Graham.* We have before us the first number of an "Universal History of the most remarkable events of all nations from the earliest period to the present time. The first four numbers will complete Ancient History, which will form a separate volume, subscribers by taking the first, can then form an idea as to the value of the work, and continue or stop their numbers. By the dedication to M. Thiers, we judge it to be a translation of a French work. *For sale by T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents.*

LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE. The March number of this magazine has a portrait of a pretty village belle, named "Lizzie Lawson," of whose history Mr. Arthur introduces the reader to the leading tale of the month. There is also the usual Fashion Plate. Mrs. Stephens continues her tale of "Lost and Found," and Mr. Peterson concludes his Revolutionary story, "The Youth Rigdo." There are more articles in addition by Caroline Orne, Mary Davenant, Annie Ravelin, F. E. F., &c.

BOSTON DELUGE'S ADDRESS. The first annual address before the New Jersey Historical Society, by Bishop Doane, abounds in eloquent and interesting passages. It is entitled "The Goodly Heritage of Jeshurun," and should be read by every native of our warm-hearted and noble little sister State.

THE BELLE OF THE FAMILY. *By Mrs. Gray, author of "The Dale and the Cottage," "Sybil Lennard," &c. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.* Mrs. Gray writes interesting novels, and a story of a "belle" must be particularly interesting to other "belles," among which class it is only politic to number all the young lady readers of the Post. Judging by rare glimpses of poetry which end the volume, the destiny of this "belle" is rather uncertain:

"I know not of her destiny,
Or whether her smile now strays,
But the thought of her comes over me,
With my

United States SATURDAY POST.

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WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

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CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA.

ADVANCE IN COTTON—DECLINE IN GRAIN.

By the arrival of the Hibernia at New York on the 16th inst., we have dates from Liverpool to January 29th.

There has been a good demand for cotton, and an advance of ⅛d. in lower and middling qualities of Uplands. No change on Orleans or Mobile. The prices of Sea Island and Georgia 7½ to 16d.; Stained 6d. to 6½d.; Upland Bowed 4d. to 5d.; New Orleans 3⅞d. to 6d.; Mobile 3½d. to 4⅞.

The grain market has declined. The following were the rates at Liverpool on the 29th: Flour, 29s. 6d. for best Western flour. Indian corn, 32s. 6d. per 480 lbs. Meal, 14s. 6d. per 196 lbs., with the market very dull.

The Bank of England has reduced the rate of interest to four per cent. Out of the Bank the rate is three per cent.

A general insurrection has broken out in all the principal cities of Sicily, and the troops were driven from Palermo by twenty thousand citizens in arms. The hotel of the British Consul was attacked, and the English colors torn down by the populace. There are two frigates at Palermo for the protection of British subjects.

The King of Denmark did not die on the 19th, as reported, but he was so bad on the 20th that he was not expected to survive many hours.

Espartero has returned to Spain, and was received with the most frantic demonstration of applause by the people. He has taken his seat in the Senate.

English intelligence is very scanty at present, and is likely to continue so until the sitting of Parliament.

The King of Bavaria has ordered those Jesuits who have taken refuge there after banishment from Switzerland, to leave within three days.

The Directors of the Mexican Mining Association held a meeting on the 26th, and made report of their doings for the last six months. The rise in the price of quicksilver, and at times the impossibility of obtaining it at all, has impeded the operations of the company—though the difficulty has now been removed and operations resumed. The mine debt has been reduced to £675,176. No dividend was declared.

The Chartist agitation has again commenced. Mr. F. O'Connor had addressed a meeting of some eight thousand persons at Birmingham, on his schemes of land reform.

A suspension bridge is to be erected over the Rhine at Cologne.

The number of chargeable letters transmitted by post in Great Britain in 1839, was *seventy-six millions*—in 1847, it was *three hundred and twenty-two millions.*

Miss Frederica Herschell, sister to the celebrated Astronomer, Frederick Wm. Herschell, died on the 17th ult., at Hanover. Miss Herschell was herself an accomplished Astronomer. She is perhaps most popularly known in England as the constructor of the selenic globe, preserved in Greenwich Observatory.

Within the last twenty years upwards of thirty thousand wealthy Jews have emigrated from Bavaria, on account of the restrictions to which they are there subjected.

Father Mathew intends to visit Rome before proceeding to America.

The body of the celebrated Father Maguire has been exhumed, their being some suspicion of foul play.

Of the tobacco consumed in London, it is estimated that at least two-thirds is smuggled—a natural result of preposterously exorbitant duties.

The sum subscribed for the establishment of an English Bishopric at Victoria, or Hong Kong, in China, now reaches upwards of £18,000.

It is reported that the Emperor of Russia has prohibited the consumption of potatoes, and ordered persons possessing any to keep them for sowing or planting.

Such has been the drought in the country around Lyons, that the navigation of the rivers Rhone and Saone is suspended, and many wells are perfectly dry.

It is said Messrs. Baring, Brothers & Co. have opened, at Lloyd's, large policies on specie from Mexico to the United Kingdom, supposed to be for account of the American Government. The proceeds will in this case be most likely drawn against in bills of exchange.

The civil tribunal of Paris has acquitted M. Alexandre Dumas, the novelist, of the charge of libelling an ancestor of the Marquis de St. Luc, in one of his recent productions, and has condemned the prosecutor to pay the cost.

A firm in Enniskillen has completed a ball-proof coat, which is so hard as to be impenetrable by bullets fired from a pistol, gun, or blunderbuss, and so flexible as to be worn with the greatest ease by men, riding, driving, or walking.

Dr. Winslow, in his Journal of Psychological Medicine, states that insanity is greatly on the increase among females of the working classes, and attributes it to the consumption of opium, which is frightfully on the increase.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 16th, the joint resolution of thanks to Gen. Scott was passed by a vote of yeas 42, nays 1, (Mr. Hale.)

The joint resolution of thanks to Gen. Taylor was then taken up for consideration.

Mr. Crittenden, in referring to the remarks recently made by the Senator from New Hampshire, contended that the approbation of the conduct of the officers of our army does not imply approbation of the war.

Mr. Hale responded in defence of himself on the ground that his constituents were diametrically opposed to the war.

Mr. Foote spoke strongly and in denunciatory language of Mr. Hale and the Liberty party generally, reading long extracts from pamphlets circulated in New England by Mrs. Fenny Wright against the war, which he alleged were circulated under the sanction of the Whig party. He charged the opposition with protracting the war, and aiding the Mexican cause. He alluded to Mr. Clay's speech, and said General Butler had written a letter that the Mexicans were encouraged thereby. He expected that pronunciamentos would shortly take place in the Mexican States in their favor.

Mr. Crittenden vindicated the Whigs, and while he defended the freedom of discussion, contended that, after the law had been made, it was the duty of all to submit in its execution.

Mr. Jefferson Davis briefly spoke in favor of the resolutions, and after some further discussion, the resolution was passed, Mr. Hale voting in the negative.

On the 17th, Mr. Yulee, of Florida, concluded his remarks advocating the passage of the substitute offered by him for Mr. Dickinson's resolution. Mr. Foote replied that the enlightened opinion of the South would not sanction one word uttered by the Senator from Florida. Mr. Yulee's resolution remains on the table.

The Senate then took up the Ten Regiment Bill, and Mr. Rusk made a speech in favor of the bill. He advocated the energetic prosecution of the war, urged the necessity for prompt action, and insisted that no treaty should be made consenting to any boundary line short of the Sierra Madre, and the granting of the Californias to this country.

On the 18th, Mr. Baldwin submitted resolutions declaring that the revenues arising from the contributions collected in Mexico, should be appropriated to the payment of the Mexican claimants; that the President possessed no constitutional power to appropriate any money in support of the army without the authority of Congress, and that the President be required to communicate a particular account of all monies collected in Mexico. The resolution was ordered to be printed.

The Ten Regiment Bill was then taken up, and Mr. Greene spoke in opposition to the character and objects of the war. He charged that it was contrary to the constitution to hold territory acquired by conquest, and that it would be inexpedient and dangerous to hold any part of Mexico.

Then adjourned to the 21st.

On the 21st, the bill for the relief of the heirs of Paul Jones, as amended by the House, was taken up. Mr. Hannegan said that the friends of the bill concurred in the amendment of the House, and asked its immediate passage.

Mr. Benton resisted this, insisting that the usual forms of legislation should be persevered in. It was therefore referred to the Committee on Claims.

At this moment Mr. Benton rose, and with much feeling announced in a brief manner the sudden illness of Mr. Adams, and on his motion the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 16th, the House went into Committee of the Whole, upon the Loan Bill, and the debate was resumed by Mr. Morehead, of Kentucky.

Mr. Pollock, of Pennsylvania, spoke in favor of a direct loan, in preference to the issue of Treasury Notes.

On reading the first section of the bill, Mr. Hale, of Massachusetts, proposed as an amendment, that no portion of the money granted should be hereafter expended in the prosecution of the war, which was negatived—ayes 23, nays 118.

On the 17th, the Loan Bill was taken up in Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and read by sections. Several amendments were offered and lost.

Mr. Grinnell, of Massachusetts, offered an amendment, that all words relating to an agency should be stricken out, and that the expenses for negotiating the loan should not exceed $16,000. Carried without a division.

The bill offered as a substitute by Mr. McKay, from the majority of the Committee of Ways and Means, to empower the President to issue Treasury Notes of $50 each, to the amount of $16,000,000, was taken up. An amendment to this substitute, that the Tariff Act, of 1846, be repealed, and all Acts previously in force be revoked, was lost.—The vote was then taken on Mr. McKay's substitute—it stood yeas 104, nays 105, and was lost by a majority of one.

The substitute was then offered in a new shape, but it was objected to by the Speaker as informal. An appeal was taken to this decision, but the Chair was sustained by the same vote.

The Committee then rose and reported the bill to the House as amended. The previous question was then called, and the vote being put, it stood yeas 106, nays 104, sustaining the call for the previous question. The question being upon the final passage of the bill, the vote stood yeas 192, nays 14. Adjourned.

On the 18th, Mr. Burt, of South Carolina, offered a resolution directing that the travelling expenses incurred by the Texas volunteer regiment, under the command of Col. Curtis, and an indemnity for the loss of their horses during the march to San Antonio, in May, 1847, be paid out of the Treasury. This was opposed by Mr. Henly and others, and its consideration postponed until Tuesday next.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and the bill for the relief of the heirs of Paul Jones was taken up.

Mr. Boulin, of Missouri, spoke at much length against the claim. Mr. Putnam, of New York, and Mr. Rockwell, of Connecticut followed, and defended the claim in an able manner. They replied to the charge that the vessels captured were given up by Denmark to England, that that only proved that when the vessels went into the Danish port they were in the possession of the American prize agent, and that Paul Jones had nothing to do with it.

The Committee then rose and reported the bill to the House. Mr. Boulin, of Missouri, offered a substitute, appropriating $24,000 to the heirs of Paul Jones. The vote was taken on the substitute, when it was negatived, ayes 76, noes 106. The vote on third reading was then taken, and stood ayes 90, noes 77, and the bill finally passed.

Then adjourned to 21st.

On the 21st, Mr. Chase, of Tennessee, moved a suspension of the rules to enable him to offer a joint resolution of thanks to Generals Twiggs, Worth, Pillow, Quitman, Smith, Cadwalader, Duncan and others, for the bravery exhibited by them during the Mexican war. A division of the House took place, and the rules were suspended by a vote of 110 yeas, 54 nays. The previous question was then called for, and sustained by a vote of yeas 77, nays 71. The vote on the main question was about to be taken, when Mr. Adams fell from his seat in a paralytic fit, and was taken into the Speaker's room, where he was attended by several physicians. The House immediately adjourned.

On the 22d, after the delivery of a solemn prayer by the Rev. Mr. Slicer, the Speaker announced the critical nature of Mr. Adams' condition, and that his life was apparently drawing to a close. On motion of Mr. Burt, the House adjourned.

Clippings.

☞ A gold mine is said to have been discovered in Canada, forty miles from Quebec.

☞ The Model Artistes have been refused leave to exhibit in Pittsburg by the Mayor of that city. Another band have been forbidden to exhibit in Richmond, Va., by the Mayor, and in Baltimore the Mayor has called the attention of the City Councils to the matter.

☞ One sunny morning a bore was sauntering down Regent street, seeking whom he might devour with his interminable twaddle. At length he espies approaching in hot haste, the witty and no less busy Douglas Jerrold. He stops and fastens on him. The bore puts his usual question, "Well, my dear Jerrold, what's going?" Releasing himself, the wit strides hastily away, exclaiming, "I am."

☞ Once in a while a short, knowing-looking cane is noticed in the hands of some of our young exquisites, and naughty people will have it that they are carried about in order to make an impression upon the ladies, from the principle that Cane struck Abel (*a belle.*)—*Boston Rambler.*

☞ Lieut. Burke, of the Bombay Engineers, has published a pamphlet, in which he states that one of the salt beds of Scinde contains an area of three hundred miles of salt, of an average thickness of three feet, or a supply equal to the consumption of 100,000,000 of people for sixteen hundred years.

☞ Queen Victoria, according to the late London papers, has summoned Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, the first who employed Chloroform in obstetrics, to London. If she gives it the benefit of her example, it will probably be introduced into general practice.

☞ The man who, a few days ago, was bitten by a mad dog, and who expects to be mad himself in a few days, is now in this city taking vengeance on the whole canine race. He has already shot about thirty dogs under the Mayor's proclamation.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

☞ In allusion to the number of criminals pardoned by the Governor of New York, a contemporary says:—Governor Young, in spite of all the faults that have been attributed to him by his political opponents, is certainly a man of the most *forgiving* disposition.

☞ The American Bible Society, at its last monthly meeting, besides the books granted for home use, sent others to Cuba, Mexico, California and the Sandwich Islands; and made the following appropriations for Bible circulation: For France $2,000; for Switzerland $500; India $2,000.

☞ Cole, the artist, is dead. He died at his residence in Cattskill, N. Y.

☞ "Father wants you to send him two yards of black broadcloth; he doesn't care what color it is, and when he kills his pig last week, he'll pay you what you owe him."

☞ Why are the girls of the State of Missouri the sweetest of our American maidens? Because they are "*Mo.*"-*lasses.*

☞ It is said that 150,000 hogs have been packed in Cincinnati this season.

☞ "Poor Mr. Smith has fallen down dead of apoplexy," said a gentleman on the election ground. "Has he voted?" asked one of the candidates.

☞ An Irishman asked in a store for a pair of silk gloves, and was told that the kind he wanted would come to a dollar. "Oh, by mi sowl, thin," said Pat, "I'd sooner my hands go *barefoot* all the days of my life, than give ye that for 'em."

☞ "Why don't you knock the door down? what do you want?" "Och, my darling, don't let me wake any of *your* family; I'm just usin' your knocker to wake the paple next door. I'm locked out, d'ye see, and they've niver a knocker." Rap! rap! rap! rap!

☞ The prisoners in the jail at New Orleans celebrated New Year's day. One of the regular toasts at the dinner was: "The Governor that pardons and the jury that never agrees."

☞ The other day, M'lle Leontine introduced a young gentleman to M'lle Rosalie. "Did you like my friend?" asked the latter at their next interview. "He is too youthful," was the reply. "I am partial to staid and sober men." "Beware!" said Leontine; "mature men are seldom *tendre.*"

☞ If every man's breast could be looked into, there would be found the image of some woman.

☞ The Queen of England was recently bitten by a dog.

☞ It is estimated that the failures and the times have reduced the manufacture of print goods at least 25,000 pieces a week. This, it is thought, will prevent any further decline in price.

☞ A painting of Rubens, "The Wise Men of the East," was purchased in London, a few years since, for £2, and lately sold to the Earl of Arundel, for £5,000!

☞ Chancellor Walworth, President of the American Temperance Union, has written a letter to Father Mathew, inviting him to make his house his home.

☞ What two score of foreigners would make a man uncivil?—*Forty Poles*—because they make *one rood.*

☞ Auburn, N. Y., is about to become an incorporated city. It has a population of 8,000. Worcester, Massachusetts, is also about to be incorporated as a city.

☞ A large house lot in a town near Boston, is to be given to the author of the best original conundrum at a Concert in Boston.

☞ Everywhere throughout the country we see notices of the successful use of chloroform by dentists, surgeons and physicians.

☞ There is a great falling off in the ice business at Boston thus far. The exports of January last, as compared with January, 1846, are short about 3,000 tons.

☞ The total number of emigrants who sailed from Liverpool in 1847 was 134,524, while in 1846 it did not exceed 74,913.

☞ The Cincinnati (Ohio) Commercial notices a "Pedometer," a new style of watch, which, besides giving the time, indicates on the dial the distance the wearer walks. It operates by an attachment to the leg.

☞ The British Association are now feeding 70,000 poor children, and are likely to extend their bounty to 100,000.

☞ It is stated that the large silver star, which was sunk into the pavement before the altar on the supposed site of the manger, in the Church of the Nativity, at "Bethlehem, of Judea," has been stolen.

☞ The use of Chloroform is attended with great danger, when taken too freely. An instance occurred in Baltimore, where a young man came near losing his life by the incautious use of this powerful agent.

☞ Captain Botts *headed* the list of speakers who were to have addressed the great Clay meeting in New York, last week.

☞ Commodore Hotham, of the British squadron, has received orders from his Government to attack and destroy the slave establishment at Gallenas.

General News.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

Capt. Martin Lund, a Dane by birth, left New Orleans about eighteen months ago, loaded with merchandise for a Mexican port, upon a speculation. He put into a hostile Mexican port, when his property was confiscated and his person put in close confinement. His friends, hearing no news direct from him, supposed that he was dead. A succession was opened in the proper court, his property sold, the succession closed, and the proceeds paid over to the supposed widow. The wife, about six months ago, married a young lawyer of this city. Three or four days since, to the wonder of every one, the long lost, but veritable Capt. Lund, arrived in this city *propria persona.* He finds quite an alteration in his affairs, both pecuniary and domestic.

SINGULAR ENOUGH.

We see it stated that by recent discoveries at the National Observatory at Washington City, and other places, it has been ascertained that the Sun has decreased in volume nearly one-tenth! and this singular phenomenon has occurred entirely during the past month! The change took place suddenly, since, according to accurate observations, on the morning of the 18th ult., it presented its usual volume to the vision of the spectators, yet as it arose on the next day, the alteration was easily perceptible, even to the naked eye! Its Form, too, is altered. Its latitude has decreased while its longitude has been prolonged!

COLONEL FREMONT.

It is stated in letters from Washington that Col. Fremont has been found guilty of all the charges preferred before the Court Martial—of mutiny, disobeying of orders, and conduct unbecoming an officer. The Court decreed dismissal from the service, the lesser penalty of the law, but recommended him to the lenity of the President by a vote of seven to six. The President dissented from the Court on the charge of mutiny, but approved the finding on the other two. He then remitted the sentence, and ordered him to duty. Col. Fremont has resigned his commission.

ANTHRACITE COAL.

A new coal basin has recently been discovered in Rhode Island, distant about two miles from tidewater, from which, we are told, the coal can be mined and delivered in Philadelphia at about $3 per ton. The basin is supposed to be about twenty miles long, and five miles wide. The analysis of the coal by Professor Hitchcock, is as follows:—

Water,	3.70
Ashes,	9.72
Carbon,	86.58
	100

A TRUE WIFE.

The venerable Dr. Chapin, of New Haven, now in his 86th year, says in reference to the recent loss of his wife—"My worldly loss is perfect. Of the million of good wives in this world, not one I feel sure is better than she was, whom the Lord gave me fifty-three years; affectionate, faithful, confidential, conscientious, guileless, discreet, making my home to me always the pleasantest spot in the world."

SOUTHERN MANUFACTURES.

From a report laid before the Legislature of Georgia, we learn that there are thirty-two cotton factories in operation and in construction in that State. In the working and building of which, two millions of dollars are employed. From 18,000 to 20,000 bales of cotton were consumed last year, the amount of manufactured goods produced was equal in value to a million and a half of dollars.

MARIA LOUISA'S WILL.

The Archduchess Maria Louisa, it is stated, has left all her diamonds, which she received from Napoleon, and the value of which, it is said amounts to 6,000,000 florins, (about £600,000) to her brother, the Emperor, with a request that he will divide them among the female members of the Imperial family.

Jewish Congress.—A Congress of reforming Israelites were to meet in the course of the last month, at Berlin, Prussia, to discuss questions relative to the reforms of which Judaism may be susceptible in accordance with the wants of the age.

The Fashions.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

From the Paris Ladies' Magazine of Fashion.

There is but little variation in the make of dresses, although some skill is required in adapting the style of the dress to the figure. Open redingotes prevail for the morning wear, the corsages only being close, with trimmings of velvet or gimp which give width to the form, meeting at the waist in the waistcoat style. The jackets sometimes resemble pockets—bleu de France, a tint between the saphir and lapis lazuli, is a very fashionable color; it is the only shade of blue that looks well by candle light; the vert de fruit is also a delicate color, very pretty with black lace; pink is less in favor this Winter for dresses, but is much used for bonnets, trimming, and sorties de bal.

The skirts of the dresses are not worn so long; those who still preserve them a little trainante, have them busque in front, so as to disengage the feet, and in flounced dresses the upper one is fulled into the waist, giving the effect of a second skirt.

The toilettes de bal are made a la grecque, or with draperie; corsage a coeur before and behind, and rather long sleeves. With respect to the trimmings on the skirts there is always much variety, but many are open at the sides, and confined at intervals by noeuds of ribbon, or by blond echillonnes. Double and triple skirts continue in favor; in thin materials the corsages are not always pointed, but fulled into a band, with ceinture of ribbon so wide that the long ends nearly cover the front breadth.

Many walking dresses with high bodies are ornamented with several rows of narrow velvet or braid mixed with gimp; pretty redingotes of dark or sombre colors are trimmed with small choux of ribbon. Dresses of Canton satin are trimmed with vandykes of the same material, and narrow bands of velvet in four or five rows.

Manteaux and pardessus are seen in every variety. Small ones are trimmed with four or five rows of lace, others are entirely covered with embroidery; others again have a broad band of fur all round them, and a second narrower row above. Some manteaux mantelets of satin have frills festonnes in deep vandykes, or pinked and edged with gimp; dark green and deep blue are used for the morning, and white or pink for evening sorties de bal, trimmed with colored blond, that on the hood being deep enough to form a veil.

Many Spanish coiffures in black and pink are worn; some are formed of very small mantilles attached to the head by branches of roses; and supported by a tortoise shell comb, the ends of the mantille fall to the waist; a similar coiffure of white tulle laine d'or is very elegant. The ornamental combs have a good effect in coiffures, composed of fichu of black lace placed on a wreath of flowers arranged in full bunches.

SCRAPS FROM MY GRANDFATHER'S POCKET BOOK.

NO. VII.

The pleasures of men arise from their pride. If every body had palaces, no person would derive any happiness or pleasure from the fact of having one. Who is it who counts among the advantages of his condition the power to see the sun, the moon, the stars, the clouds, the fields, the mountains and rivers? All the beauties of nature are considered as nothing because they are common to all. But the desire of men to distinguish themselves has induced them to make their pleasures depend on fine houses, parks, gardens, fountains, statues, vases and some other ornaments which are infinitely less beautiful and attractive than these natural objects, which are common to all.

To form a judgment is to give to the mind a taste for the discovery of truth; to render it susceptible in discovering false reasoning when hidden; to teach it the art of paying attention only to common sense, and not to be carried away by flowing phrases, fine words and obscure sentences. It is to examine things in their foundation. How necessary, then, to teach children how to form correct judgments.

Truth being founded on a rock, you may boldly dig to see its foundations without fear of destroying the edifice, but falsehood being laid on the sand, if you examine its foundations you cause its fall.

Most men easily receive impressions without endeavoring to see them in a clear light. It is more convenient to suppose them true, than to examine whether they are so; idleness and vanity induce us to take such a course. Idleness relieves us from the duty of inquiring into the truth, and vanity attaches us to preconceived opinions whether true or false, and we dread to be compelled to give them up. The falsest impressions, therefore, are not easily effaced.

The great stumbling block of men, and particularly of young persons, is the desire to try for themselves, if what is presented to them as dangerous is really so. They think they will be better able to judge, after having tried, whether the thing is dangerous or not; they rely more upon their own experience than the light they get from others. Tell a young child, before he has made the experiment, that if he puts his finger in the candle, it will burn him, yet he will feel a strong desire to make the experiment.

The charity of the world is so completely covered with ashes, that if it possesses warmth within, it gives little or no heat without.

Ennui is a disease which is cured by the necessity of action.

Truth is the thought of God himself.

Misfortunes inspire confidence in God, which surpasses all wealth.

The birds sing hymns, each one in its own language, and they are all agreeable to the Creator. Beware, oh, man, how thou condemnest thy fellow man, for having a different faith from thy own.

BUBULCUS.

A STORY FOR OUR TIMES.

A venerable old Dutchman, after having occupied all the offices of one of the principal cities of the republic, with great honor, and having amassed a great fortune in the most unexceptionable manner, finally formed the resolution of going to terminate his days tranquilly at his country seat. But before retiring he wished to take a leave of his friends and connections, and accordingly invited them all to a feast at his house. The guests, who expected a most sumptuous repast, were much surprised on going into the eating room, to see there a long oaken table covered with a coarse blue cloth. On being seated they were served on wooden plates, with salted herring, rye bread and butter, with some cheese and curdled milk. Wooden vases, filled with small beer, were passed round for each of the guests to serve themselves. This extreme oddity of the old gentleman caused secret murmuring among the company; but, out of respect to his age and wealth, instead of showing discontent, they pretended to relish their frugal fare; and some of them even complimented him for the cordiality of those good old times which he had brought to remembrance. The old man—who was not duped by this feigned satisfaction—did not wish to carry the joke any farther—but at a signal which he gave, some servants, habited as country-women, entered, bringing the second service. A white cloth succeeded the blue one, and some pewter plates replaced the wooden ones. Instead of rye bread, dried herrings and cheese, they were served with good brown bread, fresh beef, boiled fish and strong beer. At this unexpected change, the secret murmurs ceased; the polite invitations on the part of the old man became more pressing, and the guests ate with a better appetite. Hardly had they time to taste the second service, when they saw a butler enter, followed by half a dozen servants, in brilliant livery, bringing the third.

A superb table of mahogany, covered with a beautiful flowered cloth, replaced the oaken one. A side-board was immediately covered with the richest plate and most curious china; and the guests charmed with the sight of a profusion of rare and exquisite meats. The most delicious wines were freely passed around, while a melodious concert was heard in an adjoining room. Toasts were drank and all were merry. But the good old man, perceiving that his presence hindered the guests from giving themselves to their full joy, rose and addressed them thus: "I give you thanks, ladies and gentlemen, for the favor which you have granted me. It is time that I should retire, myself, and leave you to your liberty. But before the ball commences, which I have ordered to be prepared for those who love the dance, permit me to acquaint you with the design that I proposed to myself in inviting you to a repast which has appeared so odd. I have wished thereby to give you an idea of our republic. Our ancestors rose to their high state, and acquired liberty, riches, and power, by living in the frugal manner which you saw in the first service. Our fathers preserved those great blessings only by living in the simple manner of which the second service has reflected an image. If it is permitted to an old man who is about to leave you, and who tenderly loves you, to speak, I must say, I fear that the extravagant profusion which you may have remarked in the last service, and which is the present style of living, will deprive us of more than our ancestors have acquired by the sweat of their brow, and our fathers have transmitted to us by their industry and wise calculation."

MRS. GAINES.

It is stated that some capitalists, from the famous city of Gotham, have made proposals to Mrs. Gen. Gaines to buy out her rights, as decided by the Supreme Court. They have offered her some nine millions of dollars. It is doubtful whether the offer will be accepted. If so, they would, probably, realize some six or seven millions from the operation.

Political Intelligence.

THE UTICA CONVENTION.

The Utica Convention adjourned after appointing Delegates to the Democratic National Convention. This, it will be remembered, was the Convention of that portion of the New York Democracy, which adheres to the Wilmot Proviso. The Convention passed numerous resolutions—in favor of the Proviso, denouncing Henry Clay's Ashland speech, in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war, and complimentary to Gen. Taylor. It made no nomination for the Presidency.

CLOVE ANODYNE TOOTHACHE DROPS.
AN IMMEDIATE AND PERFECT CURE.

Those who have felt the painful throbbing and excruciating pangs of this disease shooting through their jaws with most tormenting perseverance, and, as is often the case, have received but little sympathy from friends on such occasions, will no doubt be much pleased to know of a remedy that will never fail to quiet forever the unmerciful offender.

The following testimony from one of our most distinguished practical dentists, will be considered sufficient evidence of its merits—

New York, December 19, 1844.

Messrs. A. B. Sands & Co.—Gentlemen—In the course of my practice I have extensively used, with much success, your Clove Anodyne, for the relief of the Toothache; and as I constantly recommend it to my patients, I deem it just to impart my satisfaction to you. I am yours, very respectfully,
M. LEVETT, Dentist.

Price 25 cents.
Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton street, New York.
Sold also by Ashmead & Dickson, corner of Fifth and Spruce streets, Philadelphia, and by Druggists generally throughout the United States.
Price $1 per bottle. Six bottles for five dollars.

DR. JACKSON'S PILE AND TETTER EMBROCATION has gained a reputation never before equalled by any medicine—it is WARRANTED to cure!!
☞ SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL will cure *Deafness, Pain, the Discharge of Matter from the Ears,* &c.
These medicines have cured more persons than all others combined. For sale by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South Third street, Philadelphia. Also, by Carter, Wilson & Co., Boston; Alex. Jayne's, Pittsburg, and J. W. Sheppard, Cincinnati. nov 27-eowtf

REMOVAL.
E. G. A. BAKER, MANUFACTURER OF JEWELLERY,
HAS Removed from No. 7 Cherry Street, to No. 57 NORTH FOURTH, corner of Branch Street, where dealers in Jewellery will find constantly on hand and manufacturing a general assortment of Jewellery, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms. [oct]ly

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Saturday Afternoon, Feb. 19, 1848.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been but little demand for Superfine Flour during the present week, and the light receipts tend to maintain prices. Among the sales we note 2000 bbls at $5,75a6 for common to choice brands Pennsylvania; 1000 bbls Brandywine at $6, and half bbls at $6,25 per pair, and 1500 barrels Western at $5,75a6,75 per bbl for common to choice and extra brands. Rye Flour has been in better demand, and 1200 bbls sold at $3,50a3,62½ per bbl—the market closing firm. Corn Meal—The large sales noticed last week having pretty generally supplied the then existing demand, prices have been since declined—1500 bbls Pennsylvania sold at $2,50, including some sold at $2,25, and to-day 1000 bbls at $2,44 per bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat comes forward slowly, and about 7000 bushels Pennsylvania have been picked up at $1,15 for inferior, $1,20a1,25 for fair to good red, $1,28 for mixed, and $1,30 for prime white. Rye is dull and prices are entirely nominal. Corn has been inactive, and prices are depressed—sales of 8a10,000 bushels Pennsylvania yellow at 55a56c. Oats have been in demand, with sales of 6000 bushels at 42a46c.

PROVISIONS—Western Pork comes forward slowly, but the market is dull at $11,75a12 for new Mess, and $9a9,25 for Prime per bbl. Beef is steady at $11,50a12 for Mess, and $9a9,50 for Prime, with small sales. Bacon—In moderate demand; sales of 100 casks Hams in pickle at 7¼a7½ cents; cured do at 8a8½, and Shoulders at 5¼a6c. Lard is in fair demand, with moderate receipts—sales at 7¼a8c in bbls and kegs. Butter sells in lots as wanted at 11a13c. Cheese—Sales to some extent at 7¼a8c.

BARK—There has been no demand for Quercitron this week, but the prices given last week are very firm owing to the light stocks.

BEESWAX—We note sales of 2000 lbs ordinary to good Yellow at 22a23c; 3000 lbs White sold within a fortnight at 25c.

CANDLES—Small sales of Sperm at 30a31c. Tallow are in moderate demand at 10a11c per pound for Mould, and 9a10 for Dipt.

COAL—The market continues quiet, and no movement of interest has transpired this week.

COFFEE—Market quiet. A cargo of 1500 bags Laguayra sold on the wharf at 7a7½, and from store about 1200 bags at 7a7½ cts for Rio and Laguayra, and 6½a6¾ for St. Domingo, all 4 mos.

COTTON—The demand has only been to a moderate extent for the supply of manufacturers, and prices exhibit no material alteration this week. About 725 bales sold at prices within our quotations.

COPPER—A sale of 1000 sheets English Sheathing at 23c, 6 mos.

DOMESTIC GOODS—Western merchants come in slowly. In a short time, the Spring trade will be active. Prices of all descriptions are firm.

FEATHERS—Supply moderate, with an increased demand. Sales of 8a10,000 lbs Western at 30a36c as in quality.

FISH—Mackerel are firm in price, with a limited demand. We quote at $7,75a9 for No. 1; $6a7,50 for No. 2, and $5a6,50 for No. 3 per barrel, according to quality and condition. Codfish sell at $3,62½a3,75 per 112 lbs.

FRUIT—Among the sales this week we notice 2500 boxes Bunch Raisins at $1,75; 500 kegs Levia at $1,50 a1,75; 500 boxes Sicily Oranges at $2,25 per box, and 2000 drums Smyrna Figs at a price not reported. For Domestic Fruits the demand is moderate.

GINSENG—Small sales of good Crude at 25a28c.

HEMP—Sales of 250 bales good Dew Rotted at $130a135 per ton.

HIDES—An invoice of 4000 Laguayra sold on terms not reported.

IRON—In Iron, there is, at present, but little doing. We reduce our quotations to correspond with the asking prices of holders.

LATHS—The last sale was at $1,45 per M.

LEAD—The market remains firm. Sales of 3000 pigs at 4⅞c, and 4⅞, 6 mos.

MOLASSES—The demand for New Orleans continues good, and prices steady. Sales of 7a800 bbls at 27a28c. Cuba is depressed; 445 hhds. tcs and bbls Matanzas before arrival at 18a22, and 250 hhds Cardenas at 20a22c, all 4 mos.

NAVAL STORES—No operations worthy of especial notice have occurred in Rosin, Tar or Pitch, this week. The supplies are not large. Spirits of Turpentine sells readily at 38c, 4 mos.

OILS—Linseed has been in fair demand at 63a65c in casks and bbls with sales to a moderate extent. For Sperm and Whale the demand is limited without change in prices.

RICE—Prices are stationary. Sales of 120 tcs at 3½a3⅞c per lb.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is inactive, with sales of 4a500 bushels prime free at $4,12½, and inferior grades at $3,37½a3,75 per bushel. Flaxseed is worth $1,45a1,45, with small sales.

SPIRITS—In Brandy, Gin and Rum, the operations have been limited at former rates. Whiskey has been sold at 23½a24c in hhds, and 24½a25 in bbls.

SUGAR—The demand for New Orleans continues to a fair extent, and prices are well maintained. Sales of 700 hhds ordinary to prime quality at 4½a6¼c, 4 mos. In Box Sugars but little doing.

TALLOW—Good Rendered continues scarce, and in demand, at 7½a8½c.

TEAS—The demand continues moderate at full rates.

WOOL—Only a moderate business has been done in Domestic this week at about previous rates.

FREIGHTS—But little offering to Europe. The Liverpool packet is filling up at 25s per ton for Quercitron Bark, 2s. 6d per bbl for Flour, 7d per bushel for Corn, and 26s per ton for Provisions.—*Bck. Reporter.*

SALES OF STOCKS.

400 shares Susque Canal,	13
250 do Girard Bank,	11
300 do Morris Canal,	11a11¼
250 do United States Bank,	3½
50 do Reading Railroad,	22½
14 do New Jersey Copper Co.	[illegible]
100 do Mechanics' Bank,	[illegible]
75 do Flem. Copper,	7
25 do Norristown Railroad	11¼
12 do Cam. & Am. R. R.	148
5 do Philadelphia Bank	114½
$1000 Penn. 5's,	72½
$1200 Lehigh Coal Scrip,	84½
$6000 Reading 6's, 1850,	65a63½
$3500 Wil. R. R. 6's, 1860,	[illegible]
$1400 U. S. 6's, 1867,	101½

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Feb. 21.—The offerings for the week were about 1000 head, and of these 300 were driven to New York. Beeves sold from $6,50 to 7,50 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 200 head were disposed of at the following prices—$25 to 35 for fresh, $15 to 25 for springers, $8 to 14 for dry. Hogs bring from $6 to 7 per 100 lbs. Sheep and Lambs from $1 to 4.

Baltimore, Feb. 18.—Beef Cattle—At the scales on Monday there were 500 head of Beeves offered, of which 436 were sold at $2,50a3,75 on the hoof, equal to $5a7,25 nett, and averaging about $3,12½ gross. Of the above number offered, 50 head were driven to Philadelphia, and 14 left over unsold. Sales in small lots since the above at $2,75 to 4 per 100 lbs, which is an advance.

NEW YORK MARKETS, FEBRUARY 19.

Ashes—Sales of about 160 bbls Pots were made at $6. Pearls continue steady at $8,50.

Breadstuffs—Flour—Sales of about 10a1200 bbls Michigan were made in various small lots at prices varying for straight brands at $6,12½a6,18½. The former price was refused for 300 bbls, and about 400 bbls pure Genesee, in separate lots, were sold at $6,25. Southern continued about the same, viz: $6,12½a6,25 for Howard street. Sales of 250 bbls New Orleans at $5,87½.

Wheat—Sales of 3600 bushels of Ohio were made at 130c, and 4a500 do common Southern sold at 123c. Corn—Sales of 3000 bushels handsome old Northern round yellow were made at 58c. 2000 do old Southern do sold in store at 56 or 57 cts delivered. 1800 do Virginia sold at 56 cts, and 500 do damaged New Orleans sold at 52c. Meal—Sales of 100 bbls of New Jersey were made at $2,62½. The same price was offered for Brandywine, and refused. Rye was steady at 90 cts. Rye Flour—Sales of 100 bbls were made at $4,37½—Oats exhibited no change. Beans—sales of 120 bbls, which were made at $1.

Provisions—There was more doing in Pork, and we noticed sales of 600 bbls old mess, and 400 barrels old prime were made on private terms. New mess was dull at $10,12½, at which about 150 bbls were sold in lots, and new prime was worth $8a8,25, and 200 bbls sour mess sold at $8,12½. 50 bbls Ohio clear were sold at $12,75. Sales of 300 tierces Hams and Shoulders were made at 6½a7. Beef—Sales of 300 bbls beef Hams were sold at $11. Lard—Sales of 900 kegs Baltimore, and 100 bbls do fair quality at 8¼ cts. Sales of 80 to 100 bbls and tierces were made at 8c. Cheese—Sales of 6000 boxes this State were made at 6¼a7 cts, and 200 boxes this State prime dairy were sold to go to Philadelphia at 7c. Butter continued quiet.

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

The Baltimore Patriot says:—"The transactions in Tobacco continue to be very limited. The receipts are next to nothing, and consequently there can be no demand. The following quotations may for the present may be considered nominal, viz: Maryland $3 for inferior and common; $3a7,50 for good common; $5a9 for good; $6a20 for fine and better qualities. Ohio common $2,50a3,50; good common $3,75a5; fine $4a10; fine wrappery red $11a20; spangled $4a10, yellow $6a12. The inspections are 70 hhds, including 30 Maryland, 40 Ohio."

SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS.
MAHAN'S SYSTEM OF GARMENT CUTTING and REPORTS of FASHIONS will be issued by the 10th of the *ensuing month.* The System of the coming Spring and Summer will contain a large variety of *new* and *fashionable drafts.* The PLATES of FASHIONS of the ensuing seasons will contain eighteen figures, the most prominent of which is a correct likeness of *Major Bliss,* aid to *Gen. Taylor.* He is represented mounted on a splendid charger. The likeness is drawn from a Daguerreotype taken by that eminent Photographist, *M. A. Root, Esq.,* 140 Chesnut street. There will also be three other likenesses on the Plate of prominent gentlemen of this city. Altogether the design of the Plate is considered by men of taste to far surpass anything of the kind ever issued in this country.
F. MAHAN.
feb 26-3t* 211 Chesnut street, Philada.

NEW AND POPULAR WORKS JUST PUBLISHED BY T. B. PETERSON, No. 98 CHESNUT St., which can be sent by mail at a trifling expense for postage.
Insubordination, or Shoemaker's Daughters, by T. S. Arthur, 25
Duke and the Cousin, by Mrs. Grey, 25
The Manoeuvring Mother, by Mrs. Grey, 25
A Record of Woman's Life, by Mrs. Grey, 25
Gliddon's Ancient Egypt, full of illustrations, 25

THE PATENT BLOCK-SPRING TRUSS.
The unusual success attending the application of this new Instrument, warrants us in saying to all who have not obtained relief, that it will be guaranteed to them with a SPEEDY CURE, without further charge than the price of the Instrument.
☞ Sold by Dr. A. W. PATTERSON, 88 Walnut street, above 4th. jan 22-3m

ALMANAC.

Feb 1848	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
26 Saturday,	6 30	5 30	7 23	
27 Sunday,	6 29	5 31	8 7	D. H. M.
28 Monday,	6 28	5 32	8 55	
29 Tuesday,	6 26	5 34	9 46	
1 Wedn'sday,	6 25	5 35	10 38	New 4 8 12
2 Thursday,	6 24	5 36	11 38	First 11 2 28
3 Friday,	6 22	5 38	12 30	Full 18 10 27
4 Saturday,	6 21	5 39	1 17	Last 27 4 52

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Feb. 13,	26	35	38
14,	28	34	38
15,	34	40	45
16,	35	42	47
17,	35	42	41
18,	33	31	43
19,	32	42	44

Married.

At New Egypt, N. J., on Wednesday morning, Feb. 16th, by the Rev. Geo. C. Bush, Mr. Chas. W. Claypool, to Miss Maria B. Horner, all of the above place.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. Jacob J. Carrigan, to Miss Caroline M. Bakeoven.

On the 18th inst. Mr. Thomas Service, of Bucks county, to Miss Alice Chalonee, of this city.

At Centreville, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. Silas M. Andrews, Dr. Charles Mathews, of Buckingham, Bucks county, to Maria Louisa, daughter of Casper Yeager, formerly of Philadelphia.

On the 24th of December last, by the Rev. O. Douglass, Mr. Nathaniel H. Pollock, to Miss Elizabeth E. Hoffner, daughter of the late Geo. Hoffner, all of Moyamensing.

On the 3d ultimo, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. S. Roatch, to Miss Emma Birch, formerly of Somers Point, N. J.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Asher Moore, Mr. Saml. A. Bavis, to Miss Elizabeth Harris, both of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. T. Stock, George W. Gordon, to Ann E. Bartley, both of New Castle.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Neeyreth, Mr. Anderson, to Miss Sarah Waterford, all of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. J. B. Dales, Mr. Jas. Mooney, to Miss Margaret Rodgers.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. E. Rondthaler, Doctor Wm. R. Blakeslee, of Susquehanna county, Pa. to Miss Mary Malvina, daughter of John J. Joyce, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On the 13th instant, by the same, Mr. Wellington McClatchey, of Moyamensing, to Miss Henrietta, daughter of George Ritter, Esq. of the city of Philadelphia.

On the 13th of Dec. last, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Edward S. Hover, of Philadelphia, to Elizabeth Walter, of Delaware.

On the 6th ult. by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, Mr. Wm. Knight, of Germantown, to Miss Elizabeth H. Collins, of Philadelphia.

In Hardwick, Warren county, N. J. on the 22d ult. by Elder Wm. Bradley, Mr. James H. Best, of Johnsonburg, formerly of Philadelphia, Pa. to Miss Elizabeth Shampson, of Independence, both of Warren county, N. J.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Wm. Robinson, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss Elizabeth A. Lewis, of Spring Garden.

On the 8th inst. by Israel S. Elliott, Esq. of Bristol Township, Joseph Felton, of Oxford Township, Philadelphia county, to Miss Hesther G. daughter of I. Buzby, Esq. of the same place.

Died.

On the 20th inst. Mary Mallon, aged 4 years and 2 months.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. Jane Shipman, aged 75.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. Sarah McCalmont, aged 59.

On the 20th inst. Thomas McNabb, aged 19 years.

On the 20th inst. Susan A. Green, aged 6 months.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. Mary Curren, aged 30.

On the 19th inst. Joseph Gales, son of the late Thos. Nesbit, Printer, aged 14 years.

On the 17th inst. Walter, son of John Hough, aged 3 years.

On the 13th Nov. last, at New Orleans Hospital, Mr. Joseph Green, aged 35 years, of Pa.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. Susan M. Walton, of Wilmington, Del.

In Baltimore, on the 13th inst. Rebecca Knapp, aged 80 years, a native of Philadelphia.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. Ann Brown, aged 65 years.

On the 19th inst. Anne Marie, child of John J. and Aeleah W. Taylor, aged 5 months and 3 weeks.

On the 20th inst. Ellen Augusta, daughter of Chas and Ellen B. Kingsmore, aged 7 months.

On the 18th inst. Mr. Jediah Ewell, aged 40 years.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. Julie Gautier, aged 29.

On the 18th inst. Adelaide, daughter of Wm. and Catharine Edwards, aged 20 months.

On the 17th instant, Caroline, daughter of Gottlieb Brown, aged 14 years.

On the 18th inst. Emelie Lafrenta, daughter of Dr. Wilson and Rachel L. Jewell, aged 4 years and 3 mos.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. Mary Campbell, aged 56 years, of Wilmington, Del.

On the 18th inst. Mr. John Hasson, aged 45 years.

On the 17th inst. Maria Anna, daughter of Bennet E. and Susannah Fernold, aged 10 months.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. Christina Blume, aged 80.

On the 17th inst. Ellen, wife of Bernard O'Connor.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. Mary Radnor, aged 65.

On the 17th inst. Ann Eliza, daughter of Mr. Danl. R. and Ann Erdmann, aged 10 years.

On the 16th inst. Eliza Ecke, daughter of the Rev. J. J. and Elizabeth Baker, aged 3 years.

On the 15th inst. Sarah K. relict of Lewis D. Carpenter, Esq. aged 71 years.

On the 17th inst. John H. Taylor, aged 2 years, 5 months and 17 days.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. Hester C. Bonn, aged 77.

On the 16th inst. Sarah J. Beatty.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. Sarah, wife of Chas. Hugg, aged 33 years.

On the 17th inst. Louisa Kale, aged 31 years.

On the 16th inst. George W. McCord, Printer, aged 37 years.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. Maria, wife of John Baxter, aged 29 years.

On the 15th inst. Anne Lydia, daughter of Sopher C. and Rebecca Howell, aged 3 years.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER, *No. 24 South Third Street. Philadelphia, February 26, 1848.*

PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	20 dis
Girard do.	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna county	10 dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bank	—
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1½ dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	½ dis
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	2 dis
NEW JERSEY	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	—
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dov'r Rahway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del Bridge	75 dis
Yard Del Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	no sale
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	1 dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Havre-de-Grace	2 dis
Far and Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
City banks	½ dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Oswego	20 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	40 dis
Allas bank	40 dis
State bk—Saugerties	25
Northern Ex. bk	20 dis
Country banks	1½ dis
MAINE	
All solvent banks	¾ dis

NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent banks	¾ dis
VERMONT	
Bank of St. Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	¾ dis
CONNECTICUT	
All solvent banks	¾ dis
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent banks	¾ dis
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent banks	¾ dis
CANADA	
Montreal	5 dis
VIRGINIA	
Bk of Va. & branch's	1½ dis
Far. Bk & branch's	do dis
Valley Bk & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA	
So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	3 dis
GEORGIA	
Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bk. of Mill.	1½ dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	1½ dis
Ruckersville Bkg Co.	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
ALABAMA	
Bank of Mobile	2½ dis
Country banks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
FLORIDA	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO	
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
KENTUCKY	
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
INDIANA	
State bank	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
ILLINOIS	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI	
All solvent banks	2 dis
TENNESSEE	
All solvent banks	3 dis
MICHIGAN	
Bank of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	6 dis
ARKANSAS	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA	
Miners' bank	—

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH ME, Doctor? What the cause of this sallow complexion, jaundiced eye, depression of spirits, pain in the side and shoulder, weariness of body, bitter taste in the mouth? Such is the enquiry, and such the symptoms of many a sufferer! It is the liver which is diseased, and Dr. Osgood's India Cholagogue is the remedy always successful in curing it. Try it, and judge for yourself.
For sale by JOHN M. MARIS & Co., agents for the proprietor, No. 9 South Third street, Philadelphia, and by Druggists generally. feb 26-4t

MADISON'S EXPOSITION OF THE AWFUL AND TERRIFYING CEREMONIES OF THE ODD FELLOWS.—An Exposition of the Forms and Usages observed in the various Lodges of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, as organized in the United States. Together with a full account of the AWFUL and TERRIFYING CEREMONIES attendant upon the Initiation of a new member into the Order. Illustrated with Nineteen large full page Engravings, representing what a person must go through to become a member of the Order, is this day received and for sale by the single copy, dozen, hundred or thousand at very low rates. Single copies 25 cents. Address all orders to T. B. PETERSON,
feb 12-3t No. 98 CHESNUT STREET.
It can be sent by mail to any place for 3¼ cents.
☞ Editors throughout the United States by giving the above one insertion, (including this notice,) and sending a copy of their paper as above, shall receive a copy of the work by return of mail.

THE MILITARY HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION. WITH A NARRATIVE OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE. *By Charles J. Peterson.* In one royal 8vo. volume, with 16 Illustrations on steel, and 150 Engravings on wood.
THE MILITARY HEROES OF THE WAR OF 1812: WITH A HISTORY OF THE WAR. And THE MILITARY HEROES OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO; WITH A HISTORY OF THE WAR. *By Charles J. Peterson.* In one royal octavo volume, with 16 Engravings on steel, and 150 on wood.
The above elegant works are now in press and will be published in March. Enterprising men, of good address, desirous of accepting agencies for the sale of them, will address, post-paid, WM. A. LEARY,
feb 19-3t 158 North Second st., Philadelphia.

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 1, STATE STREET, BOSTON. W. H. GRAHAM, Tribune Office, NEW YORK. Or MILTON BOULEMET, MOBILE, ALA.

EVERETT ON ENGLISH VERSIFICATION.—A System of English Versification, containing rules for the structure of the different kinds of verse; illustrated by numerous examples from the best Poets. By Erastus Everett, A. M., 12mo. 75 cents.
This new contribution to critical and poetical literature, it is thought will supply an important desideratum. It is a matter of surprise to the foreign student who attempts the study of English poetry, and the structure of its verse, to find that we have no work on which he can rely as authority on the subject. In the other modern languages the most learned philologers have treated of the subject of versification in all its parts. In English alone, in a language which possesses a body of poetical literature more extensive, as well as more valuable than any other modern language, not excepting the Italian, the student has no rules to guide him, but a few meagre and incorrect outlines appended to elementary text books.
"The ignorance prevailing on this subject, even among men of considerable pretensions to critical acumen, is really astonishing. Men, whose critical works entitle them, on many accounts, to respect, betray such an ignorance of the first principles of our verse, as destroys all confidence in the value of their opinions on the merits of poetical writings, in all cases in which those merits depend upon metrical structure.
All rules for the structure of English verse must be drawn from the standard Poets, not to be laid down *a priori,* as the *dicta* of the critic. Mr. Everett having deducted his rules from the usage of the great poets, his readers have the best reason for being confident of their correctness. Examples have been drawn from the writers of the latter part of the seventeenth, the whole of the eighteenth, and the beginning of the present century. Among the examples quoted, will be found many of the choicest morsels in our language, and besides being apt illustrations of the rules which they exemplify, they possess an intrinsic merit that will bespeak for them the careful attention of the student.
The students of advanced classes in colleges and high schools, such persons are led by their inclinations to spend their leisure hours in the reading of the English poets or in wooing the Muse, the man of letters, and those who wish to form true opinions of the merits of poetical productions, may receive from this treatise valuable assistance.
This day published by GEORGE S. APPLETON, 148 Chesnut Street.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE — UNITED STATES OF AMERICA — ONE DOL. — 768 PAGES. $1.00 PER YEAR
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD! Sixty-four Pages in Each Number. *768 Pages to the Volume.* FOR ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR. *Single Copies 12½ Cents.*
NOW READY, No. 2, (for February) of HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE, the cheapest book of the Nineteenth Century. As it appeals directly to the wants of the people, the unprecedented rush for the first number is easily accounted for.
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A SERIES of REVOLUTIONARY SKETCHES BY AN OCTOGENARIAN;
Edited by one of our most celebrated authors, whose skill in depicting the remarkable incidents of "the times that tried men's souls" is well known by every one. The incidents of these sketches are all based upon the occurrences of real life, and while depicting the trials and troubles of those dangerous times with the exuberant fancy of Cooper and Lever, he has still adhered strictly to the fidelity and vigor of Goldsmith and Hume. These Sketches alone are worth double the price of the Magazine, and are peculiar to its pages alone.
The Publisher is pleased to announce that, owing to the extraordinary favor with which his Magazine has been received by an appreciative public, he has resolved to extend his arrangements with the *best American Authors,* and has accordingly contracted with one of our most *popular Novelists* for a series of Sketches illustrative of Life in the Metropolis, entitled
"FAMILIAR PLACES AND FAMILIAR FACES ABOUT GOTHAM."
This feature must prove exceedingly attractive, especially to country readers, whose facilities for studying City Life and Manners are somewhat limited. Each sketch will be "a plain unvarnished tale," in which he will "nothing extenuate or aught set down in malice," but endeavor to portray with fidelity the various phases of a Life in Town.
Since the issue of the January number, the Publisher has received proposals from a well known English author, whose opportunities for observation in the most distinguished Society in London and vicinity are unsurpassed by any of his trans-Atlantic cotemporaries, and has concluded an arrangement with him, by which the pages of Holden's Dollar Magazine will be monthly enriched by a full detail of all the remarkable events of the month, as occurring in England. His statements may be strictly relied upon for accuracy, and many new and startling topics of correspondence will be commented upon as they deserve.
"——, Jan.—, 1848.—*Dear Sir:* I am, as you had supposed, in possession of material furnished me at different times by various celebrated Border characters, all of which contain more of "matter of fact," than fancy, and which, without drawing on the imagination for adventures, contains interest enough to warrant publication at any time. There is enough of romance in the hardy life of the bold pioneer of the West, to throw in the shade the fictions of chivalric ages, and I am happy to accede to your proposal, and give to you my sketches entitled "Border Bullets, or Reports from the Rifle of an old Frontier Man." I shall forward you the first part as soon as I am able to make a thorough revision of the whole."
It will be seen by the above extract from a private letter to the publisher, that arrangements have been made with another of our distinguished Western authors to give to the world his sketches of backwoods life, and as one great characteristic of their merit will be their foundation upon *real facts* never before given to the world, their publicity must meet with the warm approval of every American. They will be commenced in the March number if received in time; if not, in the number for April.
Being fortunate enough to secure the services of one of the most eminent critics, the department of REVIEWS will be made a feature seldom seen in any Periodical IN THE WORLD. Books will be impartially reviewed at length, if deserving of particular attention, and those desiring a record of the doings of the Literary world would do well to examine this department. Casting aside the old plan of depending solely on names for success, the Publisher of Holden's Dollar Magazine has adopted the system of the Spectator of Johnson's and Addison's time, and Blackwood and our own Quarterlies of the present day, and though confessing himself indebted to some of our first authors for their contributions to each number, he has [illegible] The Spectator owed much of its success to the mystery in which its essays were shrouded, and could the world but know whence emanated some of the scorching articles furnished us by Blackwood within the past few months, New York would probably be the scene of another *Literary War.* The proprietor is confident that this plan must eventually be the plan for Periodical Literature, and he only asks from the lovers of
GOOD READING
an inspection of his Magazine.
In the course of the volume, articles will also be given from the pens of nearly all the following European Authors, viz: Douglas Jerrold, Gilbert Abbott A'Becket, Goodwin Barmby, William Howitt, S. C. Hall, W. M. Thackery, Wm. Harrison Ainsworth, Mark Lemon, William Carleton, Thos. Miller, J. R. Planche, Martin Farquhar Tupper, Alfred Tennyson, Ebenezer Elliott, Chas. Mackay, together with occasional articles from Mary Howitt, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Hon. Mrs. Norton, Harriet Martineau, and many others our present space will not allow us to specify.
Translations of some of the minor tales of Eugene Sue, Alexander Dumas, George Sand, &c., will be given, if free from the pernicious influences of many French Tales, and particular care will be taken that nothing demoralizing in its tone ever finds a place in the Dollar Magazine.
Holden's Dollar Magazine is issued monthly (the volume commencing with the January number,) in Nos. of 64 pages each, printed on fine paper, manufactured expressly for the work, and of extra quality, with new and beautiful type. Terms one dollar per annum, payable invariably in advance; six copies for five dollars, or 25 copies for 20 dollars, when mailed to one address. Address, postpaid,
CHARLES W. HOLDEN, Publisher of Holden's Dollar Magazine, 109 Nassau st., New York.
N. B.—Country papers copying this advertisement which they can compress into a smaller space, and noticing us editorially, will be entitled to a copy for one year, without an exchange. Those doing so will send one marked copy to "Holden's Dollar Magazine." feb12-4t

CHEAP AND GOOD WATCHES, JEWELRY and SILVER-WARE, Wholesale and Retail, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North SECOND Street, corner of QUARRY, Philadelphia.
Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat cases, $30 and over
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled, 10 "
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled, 11 "
Silver Quartier Watches, $5 to 10
Gold Pencils, $1 50 to $2 00
Fine Gold Rings, 37½ cents to $80
Silver Spoons, equal to coin, per set—Teas $4, Desert $10, Table $15.
Watch Glasses, best quality—plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25.
Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.
Constantly on hand, a full assortment of fine Gold Jewelry and Silver-ware. Also an assortment of M. I. Tobias & Co., E. Simpson, Samuel & Brothers, E. S. Yates & Co., John Harrison, G. & R. Beesley, and other superior Patent Lever Movements which will be cased any style desired.
Arrangements have been made with all the above celebrated makers, the best manufacturers of Liverpool, to furnish at short notice any required style of Watch, for which orders will be taken and the name and residence of the person ordering put on it if requested.
O. CONRAD, No. 96 North SECOND Street,
jan 29-8t Importer of Watches.

HARDWARE.
MOORE, HEYL & CO. are now receiving from the EUROPEAN and AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS their Spring Stock of HARDWARE and CUTLERY, comprising a complete assortment, to which they call the attention of their friends and others visiting Philadelphia to purchase. jan 8-4m*

TYPE FOR SALE.
ONE LARGE FOUNT OF BOURGEOIS TYPE, in good condition. Apply to the Proprietors of this paper.

J. D. WHETHAM,
(Of the late firm of J. & J. D. Whetham,)
ROPE MAKER AND SHIP CHANDLER,
No. 7 N. Front St., and No. 6 N. Water St., Philada.
Keeps constantly on hand, *Rope of all descriptions* of his own manufacture.
Tow Lines for Canal Boats, Fishing Lines, Seine Twine, Bed Cords, Manilla Rope, White do., Ratline, Cordage, Packing Yarn, Spun Yarn, Carpet Warp, Sacking Bottoms, Wagon Covers, Awnings, &c., made to order. mar 20-1y*
A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF SHIP CHANDLERY, TAR, PITCH, OAKUM, &c.

MORE PROOFS.
"THE CRY IS STILL, THEY COME!"

EVERY MAIL BRINGS TIDINGS OF THEIR SUCCESS. From the East to the remotest West—from Canada on the North and Mexico and West Indies on the South—all are unanimous in their praise. Of a medicine so universally known and esteemed as *WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,* it is hardly necessary to speak in detail. At no period of its history has the reputation of the medicine stood higher, and we may say that no reputation is likely to be more enduring. Adequate to all constitutions—to every form of disease, and to all climates.
WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, are above every other medicine fitted for the use of man under whatever circumstances he may be placed—at sea or on land, at home or abroad, in summer's heat and winter's cold, with a common regard to the conditions of health, and with
WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS at hand, there is no excuse for being sick, unless the constitution be utterly irreclaimable.

Lockport, Nov. 1st, 1847.
Dr. Wm. Wright—Dear Sir:—For the last six years I have had the agency for the sale of your "Indian Vegetable Pills" at this place, and have sold annually large quantities by the dozen, and at retail. They have in every instance given entire satisfaction; many families in this section keep them on hand and consider them invaluable as a family medicine. There is no medicine sold here that can be so universally recommended as Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. Very truly yours, O. C. Wright.

The following is from one of the most respectable firms in the city of Buffalo:
Buffalo, Oct. 27, 1847.
Dr. W. Wright—Dear Sir:—It is with much pleasure we inform you of the success of your celebrated Indian Vegetable Pills, in the city of Buffalo and vicinity.
In cases of heavy colds, and in Fevers (as well as in other cases,) the Pills have worked wonders.—Whenever we have sold them to families, there has not been an instance where they have not adopted them as their regular Family Medicine, in preference to all others. In haste, very truly yours, Wattles & Hamlin, 198 Main Street, Buffalo.

The following quaint sort of an epistle tells its own story in more respects than one:
Aurora, Erie Co., N. Y., Oct. 2, 1847.
Dr. W. Wright—Dear Sir:—While residing in Lockport, Niagara County, New York, some years since, I was advised by your agent, Mr. O. C. Wright, to try a box of your wonderful Indian Vegetable Pills, since which time I have used them in my family with great success, for FEVER and AGUE, Indigestion, Pain in the Side, and Sun Headache, arising from a bilious state of the stomach. It is now one year since I became your agent in this place, and if it is your wish I can forward you certificates from our most respectable citizens of the value of your Pills as a regular family medicine.
Respectfully yours, &c., N. Card, Jr., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hardware, Iron and Steel, Nails, Farming Tools, Grocery and Glassware, Mammoth cheap store, Aurora, New York.

(From Pendleton, Niagara County, New York.)
Dr. W. Wright—Dear Sir:—I have been agent for the sale of your valuable Indian Vegetable Pills, for the last five years, and I have yet to hear of the first complaint from their use. On the contrary, they are universally spoken of as a most valuable family medicine; and, from a personal use of them, I know them to be good, and cheerfully recommend them to the public. Yours, &c., George Kelsey.

Here is another of the same sort, only a little shorter:—
Somerset, Niagara Co., N. Y., Oct. 29, 1847.
I do hereby certify that I have sold Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills for the last year, and that in every instance they have given entire satisfaction to the purchaser. Respectfully, Francis O. Pratt.

Extract of a letter, from Clarence, Erie County, New York, Oct. 22, 1847.
* * "As a medicine for the ordinary complaints of life, and for regulating the system, I believe Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills to be unequalled by any other medicine. Whenever a trial has been made of them, the result has invariably been successful. I have known them to be used, in Colds, Chills, Night Sweats, Disordered Stomach, &c., with signal benefit, and cheerfully recommend them to all as a most valuable medicine. J. B. Bailey.

Cheektowaga, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1847.
* * "I have used Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills in my family during the last two years for various complaints, such as heavy colds, fevers, headache, summer complaint, and also with success in toothache. In all the above cases *WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS* fully sustained their recommendations, and are a medicine which I would not willingly exchange for any other with which I have any acquaintance. Yours, J. B. Campbell.

STILL THEY COME! Here is another of the same sort. Testimony so unanimous and so universal was never before given in favor of any thing or any man that ever existed:
Williamsville, Erie County, New York, October 21, 1847.
Dr. W. Wright—Dear Sir:—It is with pleasure we bear testimony to the virtue and efficacy of your celebrated *INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.* As a medicine for cleansing and regulating the system, we consider them unrivalled in this section of the country. They are now all the go in this vicinity. We sell more of them than all other preparations combined. Very respectfully, yours, &c., E. & H. Hess.

From Pembroke, Genesee Co., N. Y.
"Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are, in our estimation, a good article, the best in use, and always give the best of satisfaction to the many persons that use them in this vicinity. We have as yet got to hear of the first complaint against them. We sell more of them than any other kind, and take pleasure in recommending them to the public.
Very respectfully, &c., "Harrison & Tomlinson."

MORE OF THEM!
Batavia, Genesee County, New York, November 5, 1847.
Dr. W. Wright—Dear Sir:—Having used your Indian Vegetable Pills in my family for the last year, I would cheerfully recommend them to the public as a safe and efficient medicine for the bilious and dyspeptic complaints, and for all cases of general debility. Yours, truly, L. F. Fenton.

From Eagle Harbor, Orleans Co., N. Y.
* * * "Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are all the go with us. No medicine ever sold by us has given such general satisfaction; and we are convinced that a trial of them is only necessary to satisfy the most incredulous of their value. "Walters & Delano."

Stafford, Genesee Co., N. Y., November 5, 1847.
Dr. W. Wright—Dear Sir:—I have used your Indian Vegetable Pills in my family for the last five or six years, for various complaints, such as indigestion, colds, &c. I have known them to cure Fever and Ague!! Respectfully, J. B. Delbridge.

From Jamestown, New York.
Dr. W. Wright—Dear Sir:—An agent of yours left with us some of your Indian Vegetable Pills, to sell on commission. "The supply has been sold." The demand is constantly increasing. Indeed, I think no Pill introduced into this section equals yours in giving satisfaction to the purchasers. Your obedient servant, S. W. Parks & Co.

Extract of a Letter from Hernando, Miss.
To Dr. W. Wright—Your Pills have given universal satisfaction, and are justly very popular. I can sell from 30 to 40 dozen annually, if I could be supplied. Yours, Wm. Henry Johnston, Agent.
It ought here to be remarked, that the medicine has been but recently introduced into Mississippi.

Extract of a Letter from Jersey Shore, Penn.
"Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills excel every thing of the kind ever offered to the public in this section of the country, notwithstanding the combined efforts of some few unprincipled mercenaries to put them down." "S. Winchester & Son."

From New Martinsville, Virginia.
"I have used Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills in my family, and found them to be the best medicine I ever used. I wish to become an agent for the sale of them in this place. James McClure, P. M."

From Greensborough, Indiana.
"Some time since, thy agent left with me six dozen of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills to sell. They were soon all gone, and more wanting. There is much call for them.
* * * "I believe the Pills are very good. "Seth Hinshaw."

From Amanda, Ohio.
"Apprehending that I shall be out of your valuable Indian Vegetable Pills before your agent will go through this region to supply me, I beg you to forward me a quantity, in some way or other.
The Pills are doing here admirably well, in spite of the opposition of some would be doctors, who have exerted their influence to prevent people from buying them; and if I have a continued supply I shall be able to sell many of them. "Yours, John H. Sandeman."
Such are a few of the statements voluntarily made by men of the first respectability—men who are known, and whose opportunities for observation are not excelled by any in the land.

GENERAL DEBILITY.
From Warwarsing, N. Y.
Dear Sir,—I have been afflicted for several years with inward weakness and general debility, accompanied at times with pain in the side and other distressing complaints. After having tried various medicines without effect, I was persuaded by a friend to make a trial of Dr. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, which I am happy to state have relieved me in a most wonderful manner. I have used the medicine as yet but a short time, and have no doubt, by a perseverance in the use of the medicine according to directions, that I shall in a short time be perfectly restored. I most willingly recommend said Pills to all persons similarly afflicted, and in the full belief that the same beneficial results will follow their use. I remain, yours sincerely, Henry A. Foote.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS AND IMITATIONS!
Remember, that the original and only genuine INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS have the written Signature of WILLIAM WRIGHT on the top label of each box.
☞ Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, wholesale and retail, 169 Race street, Philadelphia; 288 Greenwich street, New York, and 198 Tremont street Boston. dec40-3m

Selected Poetry.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

Let others seek for empty joys
At ball or concert, rout or play;
Whilst, far from fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away—
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide,
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee—my own fireside.

My own fireside! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise,
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy my eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize
That doth not in thy sphere abide,
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own fireside?

A gentle form is near me now;
A small white hand is clasped in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask what joys can equal thine!
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
Where may love seek a fitter shrine
Than thou—my own fireside?

What care I for the sullen roar
Of winds without, that ravage earth;
It doth but bid me prize the more
The shelter of thy hallowed hearth;
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth:
Then let the churlish tempest chide,
It cannot check the blameless mirth
That glads my own fireside.

My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife, and care;
Though thunder-clouds the sky deform,
Their fury cannot reach me there.
There all is cheerful, calm, and fair;
Wrath, malice, envy, strife, or pride,
Hath never made its hated lair
By thee—my own fireside.

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
Where no harsh feeling dares intrude;
Where life's vexations lose their sting,
Where even grief is half subdued,
And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.
Then let the pampered fool deride;
I'll pay my debt of gratitude
To thee—my own fireside.

Shrine of my household deities!
Fair scene of home's unsullied joys!
To thee my burdened spirit flies
When fortune frowns or care annoys:
Thine is the bliss that never cloys;
The smile whose truth hath oft been tried;
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
To thee—my own fireside?

Oh may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be;
Let joy or grief my fate betide;
Be still an Eden bright to me,
My own—my own fireside.

Selected Articles.

THE ELK RUNNERS.

The following extraordinary relation is literally true. Major John Dougherty, the "Kentuckian" mentioned, is still living in Clay county, Missouri, which he has represented in the Legislature, besides having filled the important post of Indian Agent. He was famous in his youth, among the prairie and mountain men, as a hunter of extraordinary skill and endurance. We should like, of all things, to hear his own statement of an adventure, which is, certainly, among the most marvellous ever heard out of the pages of fiction—if, indeed, fiction has anything to compare with it.

In the year 1818, the Missouri Fur Company had a post just below Council Bluffs, named Fort Lisa, after the gentleman who established it. There was much competition in the trade at that time, and it was a great point to select the very best men for Runners.

Mr. Lisa had with him a young Kentuckian named D———, a fine daring fellow, with a frame of iron, the speed of the ostrich, and the endurance of the camel. He was fortunate, moreover, in the retention of a half-breed called Mal Bœuf, who, notwithstanding his name, (bad beef) was considered of hardly less merit than D———, and between the two men, consequently, a keen rivalry existed. D——— had travelled on foot from the Blackbird Hills to Fort Lisa, a distance of ninety miles, in thirteen hours! Mal Bœuf also boasted some astonishing feats of "bottom," and both were stationed at the fort during the time that we speak of, for the purpose of providing venison.

One evening in July, the weather extremely warm, the grass high, and the post unfurnished with meat, the two men were playing at cards, when their employer came up, reproached them with their negligence, and ordered them to start the first thing in the morning on a hunt. Obedience was promised, of course, but the game continued, each moment growing more desperate, the spirit of rivalry pervading their hearts in every thing, till finally, morning broke as the half-breed declared himself to be beaten. They fell asleep on the spot, and the sun was well up when Mr. L———, informed of the case, again approached,—in no pleasant humor, it may be supposed,—until the delinquents fully aroused, and a little alarmed, took their guns and started for Papillon Creek, on the edge of the prairie, about five miles off. They then discovered a gang of elk, when the Kentuckian suggested a plan of approach, which would enable them to get a good shot. The half-breed, rankling at his companion's triumph the night previous, observed, very sulkily,—

"I don't kill elk with my gun, but with my knife."

The pluck of the other was aroused in an instant, rightly interpreting the vaunt as a challenge to a trial of speed and bottom, and on his saying, proudly, that what his companion could do, he could do also, both hung their guns in a tree, and, approaching the band as near as possible, they suddenly raised the Indian yell, which has a most paralyzing effect upon the animals.

Off the creatures went across a low prairie, a few miles in width, leaving their pursuers far behind; but steadily the latter continued their pace, nevertheless. They reached the bluff—ascended—crossed—descended—one resolve uppermost in their minds, "never to say fail." League after league the chase and race continued, the men panting like hounds, cooling their mouths in crossing an occasional "branch" by throwing up the water with their palms; but still unpausing, until, approaching Elk Horn River, a distance of twenty miles, by mutual agreement they took a circuit with an increase of speed, got ahead of the elk, and actually prevented them from crossing. Leagues and leagues, upon a new track, the chase continued, the animals by this time so exhausted by heat, thirst, and above all, fright—for the hunters had incessantly sent forth their yells, in this as much a stream of mutual defiance as an artifice of the chase that they scarcely exceeded their pursuers in speed; the latter, foaming and maddened with excitement, redoubled their efforts, until the elk, reaching a prairie pond, the hunters at their heels, plunged despairingly in, lay down and abandoned themselves, heedless of all else, to the gratification of their thirst. The frantic rivals, knife in hand, dashed in after their prey, began the work of slaughter, pausing not till they had butchered sixteen elk, dragged them from the water, and cut up and prepared the meat for transportation to the fort, whither they had to return for horses.

Had the race ended? No! for victory or death was the inward determination; and, as yet, neither had given way. Off dashed again the indomitable half breed, and, at his side, the unyielding Kentuckian. Ridge and hollow, stream and timber, (no yelling now,) in desperate silence, was left behind. The sun was sinking;—blind, staggering, on they went;—they reached the fort—haggard, wild and voiceless, as from the fires of the savage, the "gauntlet" of fiends. A crowd gathered round the exhausted men, who had arrived together, and now lay fainting, still side by side, a long time, before they were enabled, by signs and whispers, to tell they had run down sixteen elk, and yet couldn't say which was the best man!

This feat brought upon D——— an affection of the lungs, nor did he recover his strength for several years. He is still alive—a quiet and influential citizen.

Mal Bœuf became very dissipated, and died in a short time.

Our informant tells us, that he has made an examination of the country forming the race track himself, and they, without exaggeration, must have run seventy-five miles between the hours of 8, A. M., and 7, P. M.

Conundrum Wooing.—"Why am I like Texas?" said an unmarried Miss Star, to a bashful wooer, who did not "spunk up," as the saying is.

"I do not know," said the green one.

"Because I'm a *lone Star*."

"Then," said the fellow, brightening up, "let me propose annexation."

COURTS AND LAWYERS.

BY HENRY CLAY.

[The following is an extract from a speech lately made in the Supreme Court:]

I happened, some years ago, in the performance of a public service, to be abroad in England, and I occasionally attended both houses of Parliament, and the Courts in Westminster Hall. Sir, if in contemplating these great assemblies, and these learned tribunals, I had any thing to regret, upon a comparison between them and our own, of what I have witnessed when in that country, it was not that there was less eloquence or less ability displayed, either in Parliament, when great and momentous subjects were brought before that body, but that there was a greater economy of time. The speakers there would begin with their subject, and would end when the subject was exhausted. But, sir, when I went into either apartment of Westminster Hall, where I attended, as I did once or twice, the court-sitting in Bank, I was there impressed still more with the economy of the despatch of business.

I entered the Court-room, I remember, very early one morning. Their lordships, the Judges, were clothed with the gowns like your honors, but that was the only analogy between your honors and them, for they wore, also, their flowing wigs, falling upon their shoulders. While there, there were no sparkling eyes, no bewitching smiles, no female forms; the whole room—and I think, may it please your honors, it was not larger than the half of this—contained only the Judges and officers of the Court, and a host of gentlemen of the legal profession. Upon the first seats the older members of the bar, the sergeants at law; and upon the seats behind, the other members of the bar, all clothed in black gowns. Well, after the tip-staff had pronounced the introductory—"God save the King," his lordship asked the oldest sergeant, "Have you any motion to make?" "Yes, please your lordship; I have a case in which I wish to establish this point,"—naming the point. "Why," said his lordship, "you cannot maintain that." "But," said the sergeant, "I only wish to quote a few authorities." "It is of no use," said his lordship, turning to his notes, "the proposition cannot be maintained;" and the same observation was echoed along the line of Judges, and the case was dismissed in less time than it takes me to describe the incident.

Now, it is a matter of great wonder how, in such a country as England, with a wealthy population such as hers, justice should be administered so expeditiously. It can only be done by economising the time of the Court, by prohibiting unnecessary argument, and by avoiding prolonged and useless discussion. Sir, I know there is great allowance to be made for some of our brethren of the profession, especially those from Philadelphia. Nothing can be further from my purpose than to detract from the merit of a speech which a Philadelphia lawyer can make. I do not mean to say that those speeches are not always pertinent, eloquent, and full of learning; I only mean to say that they are not short. [Some merriment was here indulged in by the very crowded auditory, the expression of which was quickly suppressed by the officers of the Court.]

I do not intend, sir, the slightest disrespect. I know many gentlemen among the brightest ornaments of our profession who are Philadelphians—a Dallas, a Lewis, an Ingersoll, and others. A Philadelphia lawyer is no "quarter horse;" he is a noble courser—he runs his four mile heats, and if a little urged he can repeat them. Now this delay which arises in the administration of justice, sometimes proceeds from the observance of forms prescribed by law—sometimes, though, I believe it is to be attributed to the Court—sometimes, and so much more frequently, I think, to the members of the bar—and although I have no personal interest in the question, I should be glad, since we have witnessed the salutary effect of a rule which has been adopted in another part of this capitol, for the limitation of speeches—and the long speeches seem to have taken refuge there—I should be glad to hear that your honors had imposed some restrictions upon the length of lawyers speeches. I shall now proceed to consider more particularly, however, that which is the subject of the present consideration.

A GOOD SERMON.

We have heard a story of the elder Dr. Beecher, now of Cincinnati, that is said to be true, and is worth putting into type, as illustrating the truth that we never can tell what may result from an apparently very insignificant action. The doctor once engaged to preach for a country minister, on exchange, and the Sabbath proved to be one excessively stormy, cold and uncomfortable. It was in mid-winter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along in the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts, till he reached the church, put the animal into a shed and went in. As yet there was no person in the house, and after looking about, the old gentleman—then young—took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about and took a seat. The hour came for commencing service, but no more hearers.

Whether to preach to such an audience or not was now the question—and it was one that Lyman Beecher was not long in deciding. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and he had no right to refuse to do it, because only one man could reap the benefit of it; and accordingly he actually went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching and the benediction, with only one hearer. And when all was over, he hastened down from the desk to speak to his "congregation," but he had departed.

A circumstance so rare was referred to occasionally, but twenty years after, it was brought to the doctor's mind quite strangely. Travelling somewhere in Ohio, the doctor alighted from the stage one day in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up and spoke to him, familiarly calling him by name. "I do not remember you," said the doctor. "I suppose not," said the stranger; "but we spent two hours together in a house alone, once, in a storm." "I do not recall it, sir," added the old man, "pray, when was it?" "Do you remember preaching, twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?" "I do, indeed, and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since." "I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church! The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio!"

So striking a result made no little impression upon the old veteran's mind. He learned that the man was at the time a lawyer, who was in the town on business, and tired of a Sunday morning at a country hotel, went in despite of the storm to church to hear that sermon. The doctor often tells the story, and adds, "I think that was about as satisfactory an audience as I ever had."—*Boston Bee.*

TO A YOUNG FRIEND WITH A PAIR OF RAZORS.

Unhappy youth! to whom I send
These razors keen and new:
You little know, my gentle friend,
The scrapes in store for you.

Your chin, that now is cover'd o'er
With hairs, like down of thistles,
Will soon become a mountain boar,
And like a boar—all bristles.

And when, to make that chin look smug,
Your blunted razor tries,
Each fractious hair will, like a plug,
Draw water from your eyes.

In happier days of winter time,
You used to blithely sing;
But now you'll find a Christmas time
A most unpleasant thing.

Well! thine is but the common lot
Each Englishman must brave;
The pap-bowl—then the shaving pot—
For man was made to shave.

From Punch's Pocket Book for 1848.

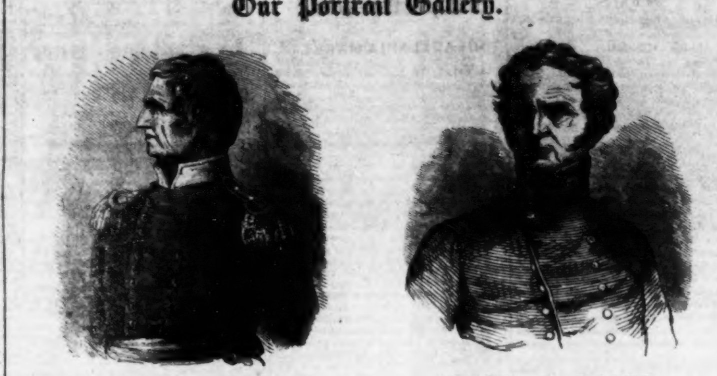
NATIONAL CONTRAST.

In a rowy mob, two handsome young women, who were very much alarmed, threw themselves into the arms of two gentlemen standing near, for safety. One of the gentlemen, an Irishman, immediately gave her who had flown to him for protection a hearty embrace, by way, as he said, of encouraging the *crater*. The other, an Englishman, immediately put his hands in his pockets to guard them.

Two officers, observing a fine girl in a milliner's shop, the one an Irishman, proposed to go in and buy a watch-ribbon, in order to get a nearer view of her. "Hoot, mon," says his northern friend, "there's nae occasion to waste siller, let us gang in and spear if she can give us twa saxpences for a shilling."

It is notorious, that in one of the Duke of Marlborough's battles, the Irish brigade, on advancing to the charge, threw away their knapsacks, and everything which tended to encumber them, all of which were carefully picked up by the Scotch regiment that followed to support the

Our Portrait Gallery.



GENERAL TAYLOR. GENERAL SCOTT.

For the above portraits we are indebted to two well written works, "Taylor and Staff," and "Scott and Staff," recently published by Messrs. Grigg & Elliot, of this city.

WHENEVER YOU COME.

Never too soon and never too late,
Though day after day for your coming I wait,
And you fail me, and fail me, come stand by my side,
Here are smiles for your welcome, and pleasure and pride
Oh! darling, so near me, so close to me now,
Your voice in my heart with its murmurings low,
'Tis many a long day I would weep all alone
To gaze on you thus for one moment, my own.

Never too late and never too soon—
Loved all the same in the night or the noon;
Come when you're weary, to rest from your wo—
Come when you're joyful, that I may be so.
Oh! there's hope in your footsteps and peace in your eyes—
There's love in your heart which nor changes nor dies—
There is strength in your spirit, so kingly and true,
And there's comfort, and sunshine, and all things in you.

Never too late for my love to shine o'er you—
Never so soon but 'tis burning before you:
My vows are your right, and my heart is your home,
And my blessing your welcome whenever you come.

Wit and Humor.

MORE TESTIMONY—CHLOROFORM TRIUMPHANT.

Carefully compiled from various sources for the columns of this paper.

We met a friend rather late the other night, and on asking him how he expected to escape a *curtain lecture* when he got home, he very quietly chucked us in the ribs, and held up before our eyes a very minute speck of sponge! "Oh," said we, "chloroform!" "Yes, I become insensible in five minutes after lying down."

Mrs. Toodle's little baby, weight about 15 lbs. nett, was suddenly seized with terrific sneezes, but retained her hold of a large piece of gingerbread which she was devouring at the time of the attack. Chloroform, was immediately applied and the muscles of her hand gradually relapsed, yielding up her treasure. She fell into a balmy sleep.

Jemmy Daily, an industrious disseminator of cheap literature, on arriving home at night discovered that he had taken a crossed four pence. A violent fit of anger followed, and he was not pacified till chloroform was administered. On recovering his senses he described the effect as "perfectly delightful," dreams of a new book which sold readily filled his mind.

Miss Sophronia Tew, a young lady of nervous temperament, on awaking in the morning found that her hands and face were much chapped. Application of tallow was advised by her mother, but the sensitive creature could not, she thought, support the disagreeable odor. Chloroform was applied at night and a thin paste laid on here face whereby she was cured. She is loud in her praises of the article.

Billy Samuels, a young lad of about ten years of age, of temperate habits, has refused for weeks to have his head combed. A dose of choloform was applied, and while under its influence actually said —"Scrape away, mother, scrape away!"

Other cases are on record.

An Imaginative Dramatist.—The following story is translated from the "Courier des Etats Unis:"—

One of our most distinguished sub-prefects presented to a manager a melo-drama, in five acts.

"Sir," said he, without boasting, "I believe you will be satisfied with it. It is a serious performance, well-digested, and which shows in an entire new light a historical personage."

"Who is your hero?"

"Christopher Columbus. My scenes are striking as they are new. In the first place, Columbus is married; his wife, an ugly, ill-tempered termagant, rendered his life so insupportable that he resolved to expatriate himself. Then follow his applications to the Courts of Europe, &c."

"So that this motive formed the resolution of the great navigator. Proceed."

"In the second act, Columbus, after having braved the fury of the elements, and quelled the mutiny of his crew, sees before him the promised land. Imagine his transports of joy! But judge of the astonishment and horror of Columbus, when in the first person who meets him on shore, he recognizes —who do you suppose?"

"Who?"

"*His wife!*"

The Tooth Ache.—A few days since, while suffering the agonies of the tooth ache, we were reminded of an anecdote of two Dutchmen, which ran in this wise:—A Dutchman on proceeding to a place from whence he heard cries of distress, discovered one of his neighbors lying under a stone wall, which had fallen upon him and fractured his legs. "Vell, den, neighbor Vanderviken, vat ish de matter vid ye?" "Vat? Vy, you sees my conditions vid all these pig stones upon me, and poth mine legs proke off close by mine poddy." "Py Jingo," said Honie, "ish dat all? You hollow so I tought you vas got de tooth-ache."—*Richmond Republican.*

Kendall's Last.—Among the strangers in New York is George W. Kendall, well known as the editor of the New Orleans Picayune. "Where do you put up, Kendall?" asked one of his friends, yesterday. "At No. 321 Broadway." "But I thought you always stopped at the Astor House?" "Generally, but this time I am at No. 321 Broadway," said Kendall. This morning his friend took a cab, and after driving up and down the ill-paved main artery of this city, found that No. 321 Broadway, is—the Astor House.

The Language of Flowers.—Motto for the Lilac in April—Give me leave.

Ditto for the Rose in June—Well! I'm blowed.

Ditto for the Asparagus in July—Cut and come again.

Ditto for the Marrowfat in August—Shell out!

Ditto for the Apple-Tree in September—Go it, my pippins!

Ditto for the Cabbage in December—My heart's my own.—*Punch.*

Clerical Wit.—A reverend old gentleman who lived in former times in the neighborhood of Boston, had an old horse, and which the minister had been pleased to call Zion; one day as the horse stood at the door way for the old gentleman to take a ride, a neighbor came along and called out—

"Hello! Parson ———, where now?"

"Oh! only going to *Mount Zion!*" answered the old man.

Political Bon Mot.—On all the walls of Paris may be found a poster with these words:—"The Conservative of Natural Hair."

A political character, catching up a piece of charcoal, wrote under it,

"Don't confound this with the *Conservative* (newspaper) which preserves only *Whigs.*"

A Customer.—"Do you keep pins and needles?" inquired a strapping fellow the other day at a dry goods store.

"Yes," replied the store keeper, "all sorts of needles and pins."

"Well, then, I will have some *ten pins* and *terrapins.*"

Metaphysics.—"No man can do anything against his will," said a metaphysician.

"Faith," said Pat—"I had a brother who went to Botany Bay against his will—faith, did he!"

Science and Art.

PINS.

A dozen years since, all the pins used in this country were imported. Now none are imported, except a few German pins for the supply of the German population of Pennsylvania. The invention, by Mr. Samuel Slocum, of Providence, of a pin-making machine far superior to any then in use in England, led to the establishment of a pin-manufactory at Poughkeepsie, by Messrs. Slocum, Jillson & Co., which soon distanced foreign competition. Of all the Pin Companies which have been established or attempted in the United States, only three are known to exist at present, viz: The American Pin Company (which has works both at Poughkeepsie and at Waterbury, Conn.) the Howe Company, at Derby, Conn., and Messrs. Pelton, Fairchild & Co., of Poughkeepsie. The quantity of pins turned out by these establishments, especially the two first, is enormous. The statistics of one of them, we have ascertained, are about as follows: Per week 70 cases, averaging 170 packs each, each pack containing 12 papers, and each paper 280 pins; making an aggregate of 39,984,000 pins per week, or 2,079,168,000 per annum. If the products of the other two establishments, and the small amount imported, are together equal to the above, we should have a grand total of 4,158,336,000 pins for consumption in the United States, equal to 200 on an average, for every man, woman and child in the country. A pretty liberal allowance, we are thinking. The number of pin-making machines employed by said company, is about 30, and of work people about 60.

The wire which is to be wrought into pins, runs from a reel like yarn, into one end of the machine, and comes out at the other, not wire, but pins, cut, pointed and headed, in the most perfect manner, at the rate of 150 a minute. This is about the usual speed, but the machinery is capable of being so adjusted as to produce three hundred a minute. Being now of a yellowish color, they are thrown, by the bushel, into kettles, containing a certain liquid, by which they are whitened, and prepared for *sticking*, i. e. for being stuck into papers, in rows, as they are bought at the stores. This process of sticking is also performed by a machine invented by Mr. Slocum. The narrow paper in which the pins are stuck, is wound from a reel, of any imaginable length, and then cut off at uniform intervals. One sticking-machine will stick as many pins as three pin machines can make; and three of the former can be attended by one girl. A part of the pins of the American Pin Company are made of American copper, obtained on the borders of Lake Superior.

Artificial Stone.—It is said that a process has been patented in England, for making artificial stone of every quality, from artificial granite to statuary marble. The invention is stated to be founded on a chemical analysis of the natural varieties of stone. It is made of flinty and siliceous grit, rendered fluid by heat, and poured into moulds till cooled and hardened. The artificial stone has, as is stated, already been used for coping stone for variegated pavements for halls and rooms, stone ornaments—such as mouldings for friezes; also for grind-stones and hones. The invention is thought to be particularly applicable to the lining of cisterns and water-pipes—its vitreous qualities insuring cleanliness. The process of manufacture is said to be easy and cheap.

Humorous Sketches.

FROM THE ST. LOUIS REVEILLE.

A STORY OF LEAP YEAR.

BY JOE MILLER, JR.

Sam Smith sat at home, on New Year's day, in dishabille. His beard was unshaved, his hair was uncombed, his boots were unblacked, and he was leaning back in a picturesque attitude, with his heels against the mantel-piece, smoking a cigar. Sam thought to himself that it was leap year, and how glorious it would be if the ladies could only be induced to pop the question in accordance with their ancient privileges. As he sat watching the smoke which so gracefully curled, his fancy glowed with the idea. How delightful it would be to have the dear creatures fondling on him, and with tender glances endeavoring to do the agreeable! As he meditated his heart softened, and he began to feel a squeamish, womanish sensibility diffuse itself over his feelings, and thought he would faint with propriety the first time a young lady should squeeze his hand.

Rap, rap, rap, sounded at the door. "Mercy," exclaimed he, "if here isn't Miss Jones, and I all in dishabille, and looking like a fright—goodness gracious! I must go, right away, and fix myself up."

As he left the room Miss Jones entered, and with a composed air intimated that she would wait. Miss Susan Jones was a firm believer in woman's rights, and now that the season was propitious, she determined to take advantage thereof, and do a little courting on her own hook. It was one of woman's privileges, which had been usurped by the tyrant, man, and she was determined to assert her rights, in spite of the hollow formalities of a false system of society.

Meanwhile, with a palpitating heart, Sam Smith went through a series of personal adornments. The last twist was given to his collar, the last curl to his whiskers, and, with white cambric in hand, he descended to the parlor. Miss Jones rushed to receive him, and, grasping his hand with fervor, said: "Dearest, how beautiful you look," accompanying her words with a glance of undisguised admiration.

"Spare the blushes of a modest young man," said Sam, applying his cambric to his face to hide his confusion.

"Nay, my love, why so coy?" said Susan; "turn not away those lovely eyes, dark as the jet, but sparkling as the diamond. Listen to the vows of fond affection. Here let us rest," said she, drawing him to a sofa; "here, with my arm round thee, will I protest my true affection."

"Leave me, oh, leave," murmured Sam, "think of my youth, my inexperience—spare, oh, spare my palpitating heart."

"Leave thee," said Susan, pressing him closer to her; "never, until the story of restless nights, of unquiet days, of aspiration, fond emotions, and undying love, is laid before thee. Know that for years I have nursed for thee a secret passion. Need I tell how each manly beauty moved me; how I worshipped like a sun-flower in the lurid light of those scarlet tresses; how my fond heart was entrapped in the meshes of those magnificent whiskers; how I was willing to yield up to the government of that 'imperial;' thy manners so modest, so delicate, enchanted me—joy to me—for thy joy was my joy. My heart is thine—take it—take it—but first let me snatch one kiss from those ruby lips."

The over-wrought feelings of the delicate youth were too strong, and he fainted from excess of joy. Meanwhile the enamored maiden hung fondly over him, and—

Slowly the eyes of Samuel Smith opened—he gazed wildly around him—then meeting the ardent gaze of his "lovyer," he blushed deeply, and behind his kerchief faintly faltered out—"*ask my pa.*"

A FROLIC MARRIAGE.

NEW WAY OF GETTING A HUSBAND.

We have heard of the old style of frolic marriage: namely, the jumping over a broomstick; right jovial fun for many a youngster of both sexes ere the teens begun; but we have rarely heard of such a trial of skill for a husband, as appears to be narrated on good authority in a late English journal: An old sailor of Gateshead, England, a Scotchman by birth, who had attained the age of seventy-three, and known as Alexander Brown, had served in the maritime battles against France, and had passed many years in that country as prisoner of war, so to finish his signal career, he thought to take to himself a wife, which he did by a most novel method. Promenading one day near Whitely Park, he encountered a group of joyous young girls.

Some pleasantries were exchanged between them, and one of the girls asked him playfully whether he would not envy the man who should marry her? He replied affirmatively. "Ah, well," said she, "which one of all of us would you choose?" This was embarrassing; Brown was not a Turk, but an English sailor; he would not think of permitting himself the plurality permitted by the Koran, and all the young ladies were equally attractive. He resolved, like a brave sailor as he was, to bear away at all hazard: "I will marry," said he, "that one among you who shall jump the highest." The originality of this proposition so inspired the girls, that they were instantly contending with each other for the victory of conquering a husband. A young and pretty creature by the name of Nesbitt proved the victor in this strange encounter, and the old salt married her on the following day. The sequel proved that they lived happily together, and reared a family of blooming children.

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE.

FROM THE BOSTON CULTIVATOR.

In a former number I observed there was a most intimate connection subsisting between the dead earth, the living plant, and the moving animal.

Take a quantity of good soil for our cultivated crops, and burn it in the fire, its color will change, and it will diminish in weight. A part of it burns away, but the greater portion resists the action of the fire, and remains behind.

Take a plant of any kind, and put it in the fire, it will nearly all disappear; but a small quantity of ash will remain, which the fire does not affect. Do the same with the bone, or flesh of an animal, and the result will be the same. It will burn like the plant, and like it, will leave something behind which defies the action of the fire. Thus the soil, the plant, and the animal, alike consist of two kinds of matter; one which burns away, or is combustible—another, which does not burn away, or is incombustible. To the former, chemists give the name of *organic*—to the latter, that of *inorganic* matter.

In the soil, however, the organic matter rarely exceeds one-tenth of the whole weight and is usually considerably less, while in the plant and the animal it is rarely less, and is usually more than nine-tenths of the whole—that is, more than nine-tenths of the whole weight of a plant or animal, disappears when burned in the fire; it escapes as organic matter.

The mineral constituents of a good soil for our cultivated crops, contain all these inorganic matters named in a former No., viz: potash, soda, lime, &c. The ashes of plants contain *all*, and precisely the same substances—also the ash of the bone and muscle of animals yield the same. The fresh bone when burned, leaves one-half its weight, the fresh muscle (lean meat) not more than one-hundredth part, yet the small proportion in the muscle is as essential to its healthy existence, as the large quantity in the bone. Thus it will be seen, that the soil furnishes these essentials to the plant, the plant to the animal. And it is by the *extraction* of the mineral or inorganic matters of the soil—those which are found in the ash of burned plants, that our cultivated lands become exhausted, run out, to the belief in this statement, perhaps, some may dissent, but admitting this as a fact, theory, then would point out the very great value of the ash of plants for agricultural purposes, and practice confirms the truth of it, yet large numbers of farmers do not seem to be aware of their value, but dispose of them at ten or twelve cents per bushel; such farmers are a saving at the spiggot, and losing at the bung.

Dr. Dana said, "he should not deem it extravagant to say, that a bushel of ashes is equal (for agricultural purposes,) to a cask of lime." "The farmer should burn all brushwood unfit for the kitchen ashes." The farmers of Long Island use annually immense quantities of ashes upon their light sandy soils, and the high price they pay for them, both leached and unleached, most conclusively proves the value attached to them there.

Some years since Payson Williams, of Fitchburgh, raised over fifty-five bushels of wheat on one acre of highly manured land—but at the time of sowing the wheat, he also sowed fifty bushels of wood ashes. I could cite numerous other cases, proving their use and worth to the farmer.

Prof. Liebig, says the best manure for a plant, is the ashes of the same species of plant—as the grasses of our western country are when burned over in the fall, they are supplied with their *natural* inorganic food. The ashes of the grape-vine is the best dressing for the grape-vine. In Downing's January number of the Horticulturist, there is a most valuable editorial of the proper manure for fruit trees. The analysis there given of the ash of the apple, and pear tree must satisfy every one who reads it, that it would be better to burn the trimmings, limbs, &c., of the apple and other fruit trees, and apply the ashes for manuring the trees, than it would to use them for any other purpose.

Acting upon the hint of Liebig—in the fall of 1846, I collected two large cart-loads of potato tops, and burned them, carefully took up and saved the ashes—about one barrel. Last spring on newly plowed sward land, I planted potatoes, and dropped a large spoonful of the ash in each hill. The foliage of the tops through the summer exhibited a most luxuriant, dark colored and healthy appearance, there were but very few rotten or diseased potatoes when dug, and they have remained sound in the cellar up to this time.

Upon another and very similar piece of land upon which I carted fifteen or eighteen loads of manure and turned under, I raised rather a larger crop of potatoes, the tops were large but many shades lighter in color, the leaves upon them turned brown some weeks earlier, about one-eighth of the potatoes were diseased when dug, and nearly one-half have rotted since storing them in the cellar. The above experiment satisfies me that mineral and saline manures, are better than yard or stable manure, for the potato crop.

Some, perhaps, may ask if it was as good or economical a plan to burn the tops, as it would have been to have carted them into the hog, or barn-yard, and then have used them in the spring, in a half rotted state as manure.

If they were to have been applied to a dry sandy or gravelly soil, I think the half decayed tops would have been best. If to have been used for manuring a reclaimed peat bog, or meadows containing a large amount of vegetable matter, the ashes would be best. But, the final results would have been the same; by the quick combustion, in the fire, they were at once resolved into their proximate and ultimate elements, by slow combustion, the rotting process, they would have ended in the same thing. But I may refer to this hereafter.

Some may ask, what is the best method of using ashes. I think as a general thing, it is better to mix ashes in compost, than to sow broadcast. If mixed with peat or swamp muck, they will neutralize the acidity of the muck, and much sooner prepare it for use—or they may be composted with muck and manure—but never should be mixed with clear manure. If designed to apply to a grain crop, they should be composted with a sandy loam, the longer before they are used in this way the better, provided they are defended from the rains and snows.

The compost should not be spread till after the land is ploughed—as it will be buried sufficiently deep enough for the grain crop by the harrow.

L. BARTLETT.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

FROM THE ALBANY CULTIVATOR.

"Quarter" of Grain.—In England, a ton is 2,240 lbs., a *quarter* of that 560 lbs., which is the weight of a British, or Imperial quarter of wheat, or 8 English bushels, the bushel being 70 lbs., thus $8 \times 70 = 560$. The U. S. bushel being 60 lbs, 9⅓ of our bushels constitute a quarter.

Whey for Cows.—The Herkimer dairymen give their whey to the cows, finding it more profitable than to feed it to their hogs. Most cows eat it greedily.

Profitable Dairy.—A farmer in Lancashire, England, lately realized a sum of money to $260, by the sale of 13⅜ cwt. of cheese, the product of 13 cows, in 38 days—more than 50 cents per day from each cow. The secret—the best cows, first-rate feed, and the best management in cleanliness, regularity, and in all other respects.

Green Crops.—The *American Agriculturist* says that a few years ago, he renovated "a miserably poor field," by allowing the spontaneous growth of weeds, and then ploughing them in as often as the principal ones were going out of bloom.

☞ A single grain of barley, sown in a garden in England, in the spring of 1847, is said to have produced 75 stems, 50 good ears, 20 indifferent ones, and 1,795 grains of barley. The plant and its produce are preserved in the museum of the Royal Agricultural College.

Good Farming in Virginia.—Retired public men sometimes succeed quite as well at farming as they do in managing public affairs. A writer in the *National Standard* says that John Tyler had 200 acres of wheat the past season, on a field which three years ago when he moved on, would not produce more than the seed. This year it had twenty bushels per acre. Marl and manure caused the difference.

Subsoiling.—The Mark Lane Express notices improvements made on the farm of Lord Stairs, in Wigtonshire. One part was drained, subsoiled, limed, and thoroughly pulverized, and then produced forty bushels of wheat to the acre, where only twelve were raised before.

Brilliant Toast.—Among the toasts at the celebration of the Middlesex (Mass.) Agricultural Society, was the following: "*The mighty powers of mud.*" "Some men profanely swear by it; we farmers more piously prefer to thrive by it."

Transmutation of Wheat.—The Ohio Cultivator says that a correspondent, who does not complain of his wheat turning to cheat, says that it has been turning to timothy; and what is still more unaccountable, he has had much difficulty in preventing his *corn* and *potatoes* from turning to *weeds*. A writer in the same paper says when the growth of the wheat is good, the chess is stunted, small, and escapes notice; but when the wheat is killed, it stands out far and wide, and that he has counted 78 stalks of chess from one seed, showing an increase of 1,560 fold.

COAL ASHES—COMPOST FOR CORN.

FROM THE ALBANY CULTIVATOR.

I have been experimenting in the use of *coal ashes* for potatoes. On half an acre I put nothing but such ashes; on an acre adjoining was spread a good coating of well rotted horse manure; and on another half acre adjoining both the preceding, nothing. Soil, a sandy loam. I found the coal ashes fully equal to the horse manure, the potatoes being very fine for the season. Where there was nothing, the yield was about *one-half* what it was on the other portions,—both in quantity and size. I planted half a row with *diseased* potatoes, not a single sound one among them; but in the product I have not yet found the first diseased tuber.

The following was my compost for corn, during the past season:—forty bushels of pigeon dung; forty bushels of hog dung, well-rotted, from beneath an old pen; ten bushels of plaster; and five of unleached ashes. A common handful was put in each hill. The corn was earlier by two weeks, larger ears, better filled, and more of them, but less fodder, than where I put fifteen large two-horse loads of barn-yard manure to the acre. The whole crop was in the same field, and the soil and tillage were alike in both parcels. J. H. YOUNG.

Brunswick, Col. Co. Pa.

Planting Both Sides.—The following is intended as a hit at large stories on the subject of Agriculture. Our readers may believe the statement or not, without offence:—

"Talk about getting a good deal out of a little piece of land!" exclaimed Simpson—"why, I bought an acre of old Mr. Ross, up at Goose Fair, planted one acre of it with potatoes and t'other with corn—"

"I thought you said you bought only one acre, Simpson!" remarked a listener—"how could you plant two?"

"Very easily, sir—I stood it up on the end and planted both sides of it."

The Olio.

AN ENVIED KISS.

Judge Porter, a member of the Alabama Legislature, from Tuscaloosa, saw two young ladies meet and kiss each other at the Exchange, which affected him to this extent:—

"You may talk of your gems hid in fathomless ocean,
Of flowers whose sweetness is wasted on air;
None of these ever filled me with half the emotion
As seeing that kiss at the foot of the stair.
Love never designed that on lips of the fair,
Where nature has lavished her riches so free,
A kiss should be lost. If you've any to spare,
For charity's sake—oh, divide them with me."

Libertines.—The sect of Libertines, which arose in 1525, was in its doctrines, much like that of the Brethren and Sisters of the Free Spirit, but its practices appear to have been different. In the case of the latter sect, the "glorious liberty of the children of God," described by the Apostle Paul, was made an excuse for gross licentiousness of conduct, and by this means the very word Libertine, which had been used in a good sense, meaning a person who was free, acquired a bad signification. The freedom of the Spirit, which they pretended to enjoy, they held, freed them from all moral restraints, so that the actions which were sinful in others, in them were blameless. Such tenets, we may naturally suppose led to great disorder, and this sect, as a religious organization was not of long continuance.

BIBLE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries;
Happiest they of human race
To whom their God has given grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, to force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
That read to doubt, or read to scorn.

A Valuable Discovery if True.—It is said that an English chemist has discovered a substance which, when mingled with arsenic, will at once make its presence known. It is a powder which may be combined with arsenic in certain proportions, and which is so subtile in its effect that "its presence" can be recognised in the food.

Milk becomes blue immediately, and soups, coffee, beer, etc., also change color from its influence. The inventor proposes that apothecaries shall never be allowed, under fear of the severest penalties, to sell arsenic, except when prepared with this powder.

Laconic.—Parson Milton, of Newburyport, an eccentric divine, was once called upon for a prayer at a Fourth of July dinner, and gave—"Oh Lord, deliver us from sham patriots—Amen."

Beautiful Extract.—"Rising from different and distant sources, Science and Religion are like two mighty rivers, sometimes seeming to run in opposite directions, but yet tending to empty their waters at the same point into the same ocean. Already are they seen to approach each other; words of friendly salutation are exchanged across the isthmus which yet divides them, and the pennons which gleam from the vessels of those who float on their surface, are found to contain mottos of similar import. On the one side I see it is written, "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty;" and on the other, "Just and true are Thy ways, Oh Thou King of saints;"—and when these two currents shall unite, then shall there go up from the blended multitude, as the sound of many waters, the one undivided song of Moses and the Lamb."

Luxury.—In the time of Henry VIII., we find directions "to examine every night the *straw* of the King's bed, that no daggers may be concealed therein." A writer in 1577 mentions three things in England "marvellously altered for the worse: The multitude of chimneys lately erected; the increase of lodgings; and the exchange of tureen platters into pewter, and wooden spoons into silver and tin."

A Good Day's Work.—Count up all the planets that have been discovered within the last six months.

Original Con.—Why is a snow bank like a thrifty tree? Because it "leaves" in the spring.

The Riddler.

PROBLEM.

A pretty Miss, with rosy cheeks,
Just 'merging from her teens;
Was quizzed one day about her age,
Her height, her weight, her means.
She thus the querist answer made,
With frankness as you'll see;
"My age, my height, my weight, my wealth,
Let this disclose to thee:
"My age augmented by my height
And weight; then multiplied by three,
Is in proportion to my wealth
As one to thirty-three.
"My height, and weight, and wealth combined,
Increased by just a score,
Divided by one thousand, gives
My age just and no more.
"My weight, and wealth, and thrice my age,
Increased six and a score,
(Is just two hundred times my height,
Increased by thirty-four.)
"My wealth, my age, and thrice my height,
Diminished by eighteen,
Is twenty thousand just outright;"
What must they each have been?

ALPHA.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

A farmer purchased 100 head of cows, sheep, and hogs for 100 dollars; the cows cost $10 per head, the sheep $3 per head, and the hogs 50 cents per head; how many of each kind did he purchase? I. M. J.

A man left $2,000 to his two sons—one 11 the other 16 years of age. The money was to be divided in such a manner, that, being put out at 5 per cent., simple interest, both might receive equal sums when they should arrive at the age of 21 years respectively. How should the money be divided?

RIDDLES.

I.

I'm useful only when I'm spread,
Like news of joy or sorrow,
And from hand to hand I'm sped,
Whene'er one takes it in his head
To steal me or to borrow.

II.

I'm a carriage, straight and close,
And carry only one,
And where'er my rider goes,
His journey's always done.

CHARADE.

My first is used by many a goose
And from a goose it came;
My next is of domestic use,
A portion of a frame.
My third is forward in the fight,
My fourth is always best,
My fifth is called indefinite
By Murray, and the rest.
My whole was settled long ago,
By one with gentle brow,
Who never would return a blow—
His talk was thee and thou.

REBUS.

My first, an English bard, went mad,
Though sometimes he his reason had;
When sane, the poetry he wrote
Was good enough for saints to quote.
My second lately had a paper
Which he called the Regenerator;
My third has crooked horns and lies
A distance off in yonder skies;
My fourth on England placed their toes,
The Saxons' formidable foes;
My fifth was caught by England's king,
And charged with treason, doomed to swing;
My sixth were smitten by King Saul,
Who did neglect to kill them all,
My seventh fell from heaven above,
My eighth your luck will quickly prove,
My ninth is sorely pressed with want,
My tenth in ruins has his haunt.
All these initials ranged will show,
A man subdued by England's foe.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is that which is sometimes with a head, sometimes without a head, sometimes with a tail, sometimes without a tail, and sometimes without either head or tail?

Ans.—A wig.

☞ Why is the largest city in Ireland likely to be the largest place in the world?

Ans.—Because every year it is doubling (Dublin.)

☞ Why is a bad epigram like a poor pencil?

Ans.—Because it has got no point.

☞ Why is one who lives by cheating sharper than the sharpest?

Ans.—Because he is a sharper.

☞ How do you swallow a door?

Ans.—Bolt it.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

Edward Artman.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

18 acres at $12 per acre.

J. B. says that the answer to Arithmetical Question in our paper of the 5th should be 40 feet instead of 10.

RIDDLE.

1	A musing	Amusing
2	B coming	Becoming
3	D lighting	Delighting
4	N chanting	Enchanting

CHARADES—Graham. Canada.

REBUS.

Nero—Ireland—Ark—Goat—Anderson—Rolla—Absalom.

Niagara.

For Housekeepers.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Keeping Beef Fresh.—Combe says the *ribs* will keep longest, or five or six days in Summer, the middle of the *loin* next, the *rump* next, the *round* next, and the brisket the worst, which will not keep longer than three days in Summer.

Indelible Ink.—This may be made much cheaper than purchased, as follows:—Two drachms of nitrate of silver, added to four drachms of a weak solution of tincture of galls. Another:—Nitrate of silver, one drachm, mixed with a solution of half an ounce of gum arabic in half a pint of pure rain water. Moisten the cloth previously with a strong solution of pearl, or salt of tartar, and iron it dry.

Incombustible White-wash.—Pass fine freshly-slaked lime through a fine sieve, and to six quarts of the fine pulverized lime thus obtained, add one quart of the purest salt, and one gallon of water, and boil the mixture and skim it clean. Then to every five gallons of this mixture, add 1 lb. of alum, ½ lb. of copperas, and slowly add ¾ lb. potash, and 4 quarts fine sand. It adheres firmly to wood or brick.

Frost-proof Cement.—Mix tar with sand; it gradually hardens, and as moisture cannot in the least degree penetrate it, it will never crack by frost. This was proved by the accidental upsetting of a tar barrel on a spot of sand—the cement thus accidentally formed, remaining impenetrably hard for years, although under the rain-water spout, and exposed to all weathers.

Ink spots, on mahogany, may be easily removed by rubbing them with wet blotting paper, and afterwards rubbing the spot with a dry cloth.

KITCHEN SONG.

Ho, ho, Hum! how I wish
That each kettle and dish
Could be cleansed by some Yankee machine;
It would save such a sight
Of work, morn and night,
To have one that would scour, wash and clean.

I should think that they might,
With their noddles so bright,
Add much to our comfort and ease,
And a dish-washer make,
That would beat the horse-rake,
Or the things to make butter and cheese.

They've machines to cut glass,
And machines to cut grass,
And machines to fulfil all their wishes;
But they never once think,
While their own healths they drink,
Of poor women who have to wash dishes.

It must have a strong hand
That will not show the brand
Of the stove-door or frying pan hot,
And never once flinch,
But with resolute clinch,
Lay right hold of each kettle and pot.

And when 'tis completed,
The inventor 'll be greeted
With praises from all that lack wealth—
And every good lass
Will fill up a glass
Of bright water to drink to his health!

Advertisements.

Dr. SWAYNE'S
COMPOUND SYRUP OF
WILD CHERRY

ANOTHER HOME CERTIFICATE.

Of all the cures that have ever been recorded, we may safely say the annals of medicine cannot furnish one to surpass this, which now stands as a living proof of the curability of CONSUMPTION, even when life had been despaired of. Dr. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY is all it professes to be, the greatest medicine in the known world.

THE TRUE RICHES OF LIFE IS HEALTH.

Dr. Swayne—Dear Sir:—For the good of the public, I feel myself in duty bound to testify to the great cure which your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry performed on me. For my part, I feel as if everybody ought to know it. I was afflicted with a violent Cough, Spitting of Blood, Night Sweats, Hoarseness, and sound of the voice indicating an alarming state of disease; my appetite was gone, and my strength had so far failed me, that my friends and physician were persuaded I could not survive many days. My sister, who was my anxious care-taker, made inquiry where she would be likely to procure the most certain relief. She was told that if Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry failed in the cure, my life was then hopeless. Your medicine was immediately procured, and the first bottle gave relief, and by the time I had commenced the sixth bottle, my cough had left me and my strength was much improved. In short it has made a perfect cure of me, and I am at this present time as hearty a man as I wish, and have good reason to believe that the use of your medicine has saved me from a premature grave. I shall be pleased to give any information respecting my case. Yours, with respect,

I. M. Reeves, No. 38 Chester street,
Between Race and Vine sts., Phila.

CAUTION! CAUTION!!

CONSUMPTIVES, READ! READ!!

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

In about the year 1837, I found it necessary in my professional practice to compound a medicinal preparation for diseases of the chest and lungs, possessing more powerful healing properties than any other hitherto known for such diseases. In my COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, I have been very successful. The truly astonishing cures effected by my medicine soon spread its fame abroad; for it owes none of its success to manufactured newspaper puffs or forged certificates—the real intrinsic merits of my compound is the only cause of its popularity. Its extensive sale soon excited the envy of certain speculators in the afflictions of his fellow creatures, so much so that in a few years from the time that my preparation was introduced to the public and in great demand, a firm in this city, finding that my preparation had gained a high reputation for its curative properties, came out with what they called Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. This respectable and popular physician had no more to do with the article than poor *Sam Patch*. The name of *Dr. Wistar* is attached to make it appear that this eminent practitioner was the original inventor of the preparation: such is not the fact. The *above firm*, the real inventor, sold the receipe and right to manufacture to some patent medicine dealers in Cincinnati for the West and South, and another in New York for the East, who afterwards, it is asserted, sold out to a druggist in Boston—so the number of hands into which it may have changed is an enigma.

In some places they assert it emanated from a physician in Philadelphia, in others, from a physician in Massachusetts. So it has falsehood and stratagem stamped in every feature.

There have been a number of other preparations purporting to contain *Wild Cherry* put out since, from the hands of inexperience, which the public should guard against, as they contain none of the virtues of the *original* and only *genuine* preparation, which bears the signature of Dr. Swayne on each bottle. The present manufacturers of their puffs and false certificates have the daring effrontery to caution the public against purchasing my medicine, the only truly genuine and original preparation of Wild Cherry before the public, which is proved satisfactorily by the public records of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, as well as various other official documents. DR. H. SWAYNE.

Inventor and sole Proprietor of the *genuine* Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, corner of EIGHTH and RACE Streets, Philadelphia.

Pamphlets can be obtained GRATIS, setting forth an array of testimony that will convince the most skeptical of the wonderful virtues of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry. Call and get one, that all may read. Purchase the medicine, and be cured.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by Mrs. E. Kidder, 100 Court street, Boston; E. B. Hinman, Cincinnati, O.; Denig & Son, Columbus, O.; E. Holliday, Buffalo, N. Y.; Andrew Oliver & Co., New Orleans; Mosley & Tucker, Mobile, Ala.; J. E. Ladd, Augusta, Me.; Durgin & Co., Portland, Me.; G. W. Ladd, Bangor, Me.; Jno. Marshall, West Chester; M. Phillips, Wilmington, Del.; M. Lutz, Harrisburg; Heinitsh & Son, Lancaster; Ritter & Co., Reading; S. F. Urquhart, Toronto, Canada; I. S. Morris & Co., Louisville, Ky.; Allison & Gault, Concord, N. H.; C. B. Rogers, Mt. Holly; Susan Burr, Burlington; Wm. Shaw, Wilmington, N. C., and by all respectable dealers in medicine throughout the United States. feb 19-3m

DR. ROBY'S BRAZILIAN

HAIR CURLING LIQUID.

THIS ELEGANT PREPARATION has been tested by many in this city to their entire satisfaction. It curls the hair beautifully, resembling nature in her greatest perfection, and is *warranted not to injure it in the least.* A single trial will convince the most incredulous that it is unsurpassed.

No lady's toilet should be without it, if she values

"*The flowing ringlet and the witching curl,*"

as its use dispenses with the heated irons which do injure the hair by crisping and burning it.

The numerous references we are authorized to give to those who desire it, prove it to be all that the proprietor claims for it.

Beware of Imitations.—The popularity and demand for this article has led certain persons to prepare and impose upon the public *spurious* articles, pretending that they are genuine. The hair may be *injured* but not benefitted by these *worthless imitations*. The *original* and *genuine* article is prepared *only* by

STORRS & CO., DRUGGISTS,
No. 21 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

And none are genuine without the written signature of Geo. F. Storrs on the outside wrapper, to counterfeit which is forgery.

Ask for Roby's Brazilian Hair Curling Liquid and *take none other.*

All applications for agencies, &c., must be addressed as above. oct 9 6m

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 67 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Streets, Philadelphia. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.

Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER, and FRENCH CALF SKINS.

JOHN H. CHAMBERS & CO.,
Successors to ANDREW K. CHAMBERS.
feb 10-tf

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No. 128 Nassau street, New York.

☞ Specimen copies of the PICTORIAL MAGAZINE, to procure subscribers with, will be furnished to all who wish to engage in its circulation, if requested, (post-paid,) at the rate of Ten Nos. for One Dollar, or Ten Cents for single copies. dec 19-tf

NEW PROSPECTUS.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

TRULY A MAMMOTH SHEET.

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The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, satisfied from the experience of the last two years that it is the "manifest destiny" of their paper, to take its stand at the very head of the weekly press, have resolved to make the Post more worthy than ever of its high position. They accordingly now have the pleasure of calling the attention of the public to the fact, that the POST has been

GREATLY ENLARGED.

This enlargement enables them to lay the equivalent of eight more columns of reading, before their subscribers weekly—being in fact an addition of one-fourth to the old area of the paper.

CHARACTER OF THE PAPER.

The general character of the old paper—such as it has been under the supervision of the present Editor—shall be maintained.

It shall be neutral in Politics and Religion, at the same time that it shall not fear to speak above its breath.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ARTICLES.

Its Original Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c., shall be of the highest character. The faults of no article can be overlooked, from a foolish respect for its originality.

Its Selected Articles will be procured from first sources; and the readers of the POST may depend upon finding in its pages the best Tales, Essays, &c., that appear either in the foreign or domestic magazines. Thus laying the whole English and American world under contribution.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Agricultural matter, *of which the Post has always given heretofore double the quantity of any other paper*, shall be composed of the best articles that can be found in the numerous periodicals devoted to the subject. Making in this way our Agricultural Department superior to what it could be made by the services of any single writer.

NEWS.

The News, both foreign and domestic, shall be full, and as far as possible, accurate—and be laid before the reader at the earliest possible moment.

MONEY MATTERS.

The Bank Note List is corrected weekly. A full and accurate account of the Markets, the Sales of Stock, &c., are also weekly given.

ENGRAVINGS.

Engravings of various kinds, *in moderation*, also shall not be forgotten. But the POST shall never be allowed to degenerate into a mere show bill, to be looked at for a moment, and then tossed to the children to play with.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our Original Contributors are the *AUTHORS OF AMERICA*. We always hold ourselves ready to purchase articles offered to us, at a price proportioned to their merits. But authors whose writings are of a ridiculously exaggerated and immoral character, may save themselves and us the trouble of sending them for examination. The Post is a family paper—*and no article not calculated to enter the family circle can be admitted into its columns.*

OUR TERMS.

The terms of the enlarged POST to single subscribers will remain the same, viz.: $2.00 per annum, in advance, $2.50, if not paid in advance. For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 4 years.

REDUCED TERMS TO CLUBS.

In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but who absolutely think they cannot afford it, we have concluded to *reduce our terms to clubs*, as follows:

4 COPIES,		$5.00 PER ANNUM.
8	And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club	$10.00
12	And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club	$15.00
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THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for SIX DOLLARS.

FIVE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for TEN DOLLARS.

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TWO COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Florentine, (containing 222 pages of original letter press, and 8 of Sartain's best Magazine engravings,) for FOUR DOLLARS.

A PREMIUM OFFER.

The premium offer made in the last Prospectus of the old firm, will be adhered to and continued. The offer is as follows:

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1847, and the 1st of November, 1848, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Money for Clubs must be always sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk—(When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible. The *cost* of which may be deducted from the amount.)

DEACON & PETERSON, 98 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above, or a fair abstract of it, or who will give a notice of the new firm and enlarged paper (stating that their shall be *pointed*, but be *noticed*) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive the thanks of the new firm.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assistable by *James B. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner, Patrick Fendrich, Wm. Hanson, John W. Jones, George Jones, Engelbert Fendrich, E. M. Stone* agent, and *W. Hanson*.

Mr. ISRAEL K. JAMES, 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South Western States, assisted by *Jas. K. Wampole, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Niem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Dougherty, Isaac D. Gasper, R. N. James and Robt. Burton.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAS. PIERCE, do. in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER F. WEBB, do. do. for New York State.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depot of *BRIDDING & Co. No. 1, State Street, Boston. Mr. ROBINSON & JONES, No. 108 Main Street, Cincinnati. Mr. MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Alabama. Mr. J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La. Mr. GEO. W. NOBLE, Lancaster, Ky. Mr. M. P. MORSE, Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. W. TAYLOR & Co., Baltimore Md. Mr. SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

General News.

LAST VERSES.

The National Intelligencer publishes the following copy of verses written by Mr. Adams, on the day preceding his fatal attack of illness, and designed to accompany his autograph signature, which had been requested by aforesaid friend:

Written for Miss C. L. Edwards, of Massachusetts, on the day preceding her attack.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,
QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.

In days of yore, the poet's pen
From wing of bird was plundered.
Perhaps if genius lost, 'tis said then,
From lovers sous Eagle wondered
But now, metallic pens disclose
Alone the poet's wonders
In our imposition gives.
Or with the musical slenders.
Fair damsel! could my pen impart
In prose or jolly rhyme,
The pure emotions of my heart,
To speed it day and time;
Wind music from the winds of earth
Could worth interest bear
To stamp with correspondent worth
The blessings thou shouldst share!

HYDROPHOBIA.

The following is said to be a sure preventive of hydrophobia, discovered by a French physician, M. Cuisar: Take two table spoonfuls of fresh chloride of lime, in powder—mix it with half a pint of water, and with this wash keep the wound constantly bathed, and frequently renewed. The chlorine gas possesses the power of decomposing this tremendous poison, and renders mild and harmless that venom against whose resistless attack the artillery of medical science has been so long directed in vain. It is necessary to add, that this wash should be applied as soon as possible after the infliction of the bite. The following are the results of this treatment:—From 1810 to 1824, the number of persons admitted into Beaulan Hospital, was one hundred and eighty-four; of whom only two died. From 1824 to 1834, into the Hospital at Zurich, two hundred and twenty-three persons bitten by different animals, (one hundred and eighty-two by dogs) of whom only four died.

DR. UNDERWOOD.

Information is desired respecting a Doctor Underwood, who is supposed to be, if living, in one of the Southern or Western States. It is not known whether he does now, or has ever, practised his profession. He, if living, or his heirs, if dead, can obtain important intelligence by addressing the "Marion Republican," Fankington, Macon county, Alabama. Any person who can communicate any information in relation to the said Underwood, will render an important favor by doing so.

Will exchanges please copy, as an act of kindness to their concerned?

PORTRAIT OF MR. ADAMS.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot says: "Mr. Mauchery, the head of the reporters in Washington, who is an artist of much merit, has made a most faithful sketch of Mr. Adams, as he lies on his couch breathing his last breath, with a countenance perfectly calmpsed dead. I have never seen a more truthful and just portraiture of any one living, dying or dead, than this one, which Mr. Stansbury has fortunately sketched of the dying Ex-President."

DESTRUCTIVE FLOOD.

A correspondent of the Wheeling Times gives the following account of a great flood at Massillon, Ohio:

MASSILLON, FEB. 22, 1848.

I have to announce the greatest calamitoyse that has ever occurred to our town, a portion of which is now a heap of ruins, and the street still flooded with water.

At 11 o'clock this morning, the artificial lake or reservoir, several miles in extent, and situated on Sippo creek, 90 feet higher than the town, and about a mile and a half east, was let out, and the swollen torrent swept over everything in its course, toward the low grounds.

The brick woollen factory of Messrs. Skinner & Co. was swept down, and the building and machinery are a pile of ruins.

The Tremont House, newly erected on Tremont street, is nearly a wreck.

The large stone block, built by Mr. Rhodes, is partly thrown down into the canal. The mill and warehouse on Erie st. were badly damaged.

None dwellings were swept away, and one fan house and other buildings that cannot be recollected in the hurry that prevails.

All the streets in the lower part of the town are inundated, and the damage is beyond calculation. Great excitement prevails, and it is feared lives have been lost.

The canal bank is broken in for some distance, and the cost to the State will be thousands. The waters are subsiding at two, P. M.

Note.—This reservoir was built by the Massillon Rolling Mill Company, the water paying for its construction. There have been heavy complaints made by the people in the neighborhood, and at Canton, that the reservoir was a source of annoyance and sickness, and although our correspondent does not say so, we presume the damage was done intentionally.—*Editor Times.*

THE BEST YET.

A great many anecdotes have been told of Gen. Taylor's coolness and sagacity in the hour of danger, but the following goes ahead of anything we have seen lately:

"The General is in the habit of riding with very short stirrups. Well, in the heat of the fight at Buena Vista, the old veteran saw a cannon ball making towards him from one of the Mexican batteries, with terrific speed. Rough and Ready eyed it for a moment with great interest, during which time he ascertained, with mathematical precision, the exact spot where it would hit him if he remained still. But at the same time he satisfied himself that with a little finesse he could avoid the danger. So, waiting with great patience until the shot was about to strike him, he deliberately raised himself in his stirrups, and the ball passed between him and his saddle, leaving him quite unharmed! This the Doctor saw with his own eyes, and therefore there can be no doubt of its truth."

AMERICAN PROGRESS.

A London correspondent of the Register, in describing the novelties of the place, states that "it is now no uncommon thing to see posted in the streets, "American cheese, lard, &c."—"American ships, ready for sea!"—"Cuba bread," with the cuts stalks sticking out of the wrapper, to show that it is the real Simon Pure. Also, "American boots," or boots made on the American plan; "American over-shoes," and "American clocks," and last, though not least, "*Baby jumpers.*"

ABSTRACT PROPERTY.—A London paper says Prince Albert's grandfather was the father of twenty-one children.

Political Intelligence

POLITICAL ITEMS.

The election in the Bucks and Lehigh Districts, Pennsylvania, for Congress, on Wednesday week, resulted in the success of Bridges, Democrat, by one hundred and fifty-five majority. He had one hundred and fifty in Bucks, and five in Lehigh.

The election of Bridges (Dem.) in place of J. W. Hornbeck, Whig, deceased, and the death of John Quincy Adams, of the Massachusetts delegation, makes the present state of parties in the House stand as follows:

Whigs,	116
Democrats,	114

Whig majority, 2

In this calculation, Levin, Native, of Philadelphia, Nes, of York District, in the same city, and Tuck, of New Hampshire, are classed as Whigs. The vacancy occasioned by Mr. Adams's death will doubtless be filled by a Whig.

Fifty-seven Delegates favorable to the nomination of General Taylor, have already been appointed to the Whig National Convention, from Iowa, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia and North Carolina.

ALABAMA CONVENTION.

The Democratic State Convention of Alabama, after nominating Delegates to the National Convention, passed a resolution pledging themselves, under no political necessity whatever, to support candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency not openly and avowedly opposed to the Wilmot Proviso.

They also asserted their strong opposition to the entire subjugation of Mexico, with a view to its annexation to, or incorporation with, the United States.

Original Essay.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

We have received a series of articles from an eminent lawyer of this city, upon the "Rights of Women." It is probable that there may be some points in which we do not entirely agree with the learned author; but as an authoritative exposition of the present laws in relation to woman-kind, we are pleased to lay them before our readers.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

NO. I.

When we cast our eyes on the world we perceive that one-half of the human race enjoys power, authority and honor, and that it exercises an unbounded influence for good or for evil on the other, which is dependent upon it. We see, too, that not unfrequently this power is exercised in the most barbarous manner. It is not confined to one nation or to one race of men, but extends to all people and to all climates, and it has been exercised at all times since the creation. I speak of the power which men exert and have exerted over women from the time of the creation to the present moment.

Not only by our laws but by our customs and habits have our mothers, our wives and our daughters been deprived of their rights. Why is it that female labor is so badly paid? that women are confined in their occupations to those which yield the least profit? Why does custom render them incapable to pursue trades and occupations for which they are better qualified than men? The delicate fingers of a woman, are better suited for a watchmaker than the clumsy hand of a man, and then she has more patience, and therefore is better qualified for such business, than a man. She is not permitted to enter the field of competition with man, under the false pretence that she has not the capacity, or that her delicacy forbids it. But she is permitted to enter into competition with men in those occupations where her labor is but poorly paid, and even here she is made to hold a second place. The seamstresses are but inferior tailors.

On the subject of education, why is it that women are not taught the real business of life? Their education is confined, even among the best of them, to the common branches of reading, writing and arithmetic, some smattering of music and painting, dancing, and a few similar accomplishments, which are cultivated more for the benefit of others than of themselves. They are seldom brought up with the means of making themselves easily independent. They are trained like the vine along side of the sturdy oak, to derive support from it, and to become an ornament to its massive trunk and its outspreading branches. Deprive it of its support, they fall to the ground to continue a wretched, feeble and withered existence.

Thus educated what can be expected? That they shall take the lead in the affairs of men? Public opinion brands them with inferiority, where it is owing mainly to repressing circumstances and to the miserable course pursued in their education which makes them appear, what they are not, inferior to men. The mind is there, cultivate it, bring out all its energies, and it will produce fruits which would grace the most favored sons of genius.

But my object is not to show generally that women are robbed of many rights and privileges to which they are justly entitled—that would occupy too large a space. I intend, merely to state future numbers, to point out, to some extent, the injustice, cruelty, barbarity, and absurdity of the law in relation to women, as it exists in England and most of the States of our Union, which have derived these systems from the English law.

BUBULCUS.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

In consequence of the sudden illness and death of Mr. Adams, neither House has had as many sessions as usual since our last paper.

On the 23rd a message was received in the Senate from the President, communicating the treaty received from Mexico.

Mr. Allen submitted a resolution for consideration, calling upon the President for information whether active operations on the part of Mexico had been suspended, by an armistice being agreed upon, and if so, by whose agency and under what authority.

Mr. Allen also submitted a resolution for consideration, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire whether the 17th article of the Constitution, amendment more effectually to punish persons holding correspondence with the enemy in time of war.

Mr. Allen also submitted a resolution revising the injunction of secrecy upon all previous business transpiring during executive session.

Mr. Allen also submitted a resolution rescinding the fortieth rule, and requiring all business hereafter to be transacted with open doors.

On motion of Mr. Sevier, the Senate went into Executive Session, and after some time spent thereon, the doors were again opened.

Mr. Cass from the Committee on Military Affairs, made a report of the testimony taken respecting the affairs in California, growing out of the claims against the government by Col. Fremont. It was ordered to be printed, and that 20,000 copies in addition to the usual number should be printed for the use of the Senate.

Mr. Cass gave notice that he should call up the Ten Regiment Bill the first day he could.

Mr. Mason said that the circumstances which had just transpired, seemed to render further debate unnecessary, and he should move the call for the floor, if the Senators on the other side would cease the discussion, and let the question be put on the message.

Mr. Cass said that if the unanimous opinion of the majority of the Chamber had a hall in our military operations in California, he had the fond hope that the vote should be taken before the adjournment.

Mr. Berrien said that he would submit to the will of the majority, but he hoped that opportunity would be given for further discussion.

Mr. Mason then said he hoped that the gentlemen on the other side considered the passage of the bill to be now unnecessary, and he would move the call of the floor the next day in proving that the necessity for its passage was greater than ever.

R. W. Allen suggested that Senators might avail themselves of interesting materials for the debate of the bill by passing the resolution to abolish Executive sessions.

Several administration Senators declared the necessity for passing the bill was greater even than it was when the ratification of the treaty. Several Senators participated in the debate that sprung up.

On the 24th, the Senate was called to order by the Vice President, and listened to a solemn and impressive prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Slicer.

Mr. Douglass gave notice that he would ask leave to introduce a bill to establish the territory of Nebraska.

Mr. Allen moved to take up the resolution of inquiry offered the day previous, to ascertain from the President, whether an armistice now existed in Mexico, and if so, by whose authority.

Mr. Sevier moved to lay the resolution on the table, which was lost by a vote of ayes 11, nays 37. The resolution was then passed by a vote of ayes 41, nays 9.

Mr. Allen then moved to take up the resolution offered by him the day before, directing the Judiciary Committee to inquire and report whether the act of 1795 requires amendment more effectually to punish persons holding correspondence with the enemy while the country was involved in war. The resolution was adopted, and the resolution was adopted.

Mr. Baldwin's resolution in relation to the Wilmot Proviso, came up for consideration, and several Senators participated in the debate that ensued. Mr. Foote moved the lay it on the table, and the motion prevailed—yeas 35, nays 11.

A message was received from the House announcing the decease of Mr. Adams, and the proceedings that had taken place in relation to the event. Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, responded, and after an affecting speech, submitted the usual resolutions to attend the funeral, &c., which were unanimously adopted.

On the 26th, Mr. Benton submitted a resolution requesting the President to transmit to the Senate a copy of the proceedings in the Court Martial against Lieut. Col. Fremont.

Mr. Benton gave notice that on the next day he would offer a joint resolution providing for the purchase of Ascutney, Bellows Falls and Windsor.

Mr. Hunter, from the Committee on Finance, reported a bill providing for the payment of interest on the sums of money advanced by Alabama for the use of the General Government during the Creek hostilities.

Personal explanations were made by Messrs. Yulee and Foote. The former cited the attention of the Senate to a report in the New York Herald on the debate of Mr. Dickinson's resolutions, in which the latter was represented as charging him with misquoting the resolution which he had offered.

Mr. Foote replied, exonerating the reporter from any error, and stated that he did charge misquotation but should rather have used the words misconception or misrelation.

Further discussion ensued, which was somewhat of a personal character, but it was cut short by a motion of Mr. Sevier to go into Executive Session, which was agreed to.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 22nd the House met, but adjourned without transacting any business, after the announcement that Mr. Adams still breathed, but his decease was hourly expected.

On the 24th the galleries were crowded to excess. The Rev. Mr. Shier pronounced an impressive prayer.

Mr. Winthrop, the Speaker, delivered an eloquent and touching eulogy upon the deceased. Mr. Hudson, of Massachusetts, followed in a long eulogy of Mr. Adams, following his career through all the late public stations filled by him during his long and useful life. The House then adjourned to adjourn until Saturday, to attend the funeral.

Mr. Holmes followed, in a most impressive speech.

Mr. Vinton next occupied the attention of the House. His remarks were very impressive, and he was greatly affected. Mr. McDowell gave a long and beautiful tribute to the memory of the deceased, and in conclusion, offered the usual mourning resolutions.

Adjourned until Saturday.

On the 26th, after prayers and the reading of the journal, Mr. Charles J. Ingersoll moved to suspend the rules for the introduction of a bill granting the franking privilege to Mrs. Adams. The rules were suspended, and the bill unanimously agreed to.

On motion of Mr. Ashmun, of Massachusetts, 20,000 copies of the sermon by the Rev. Mr. Gurley, and the eulogistic speeches of the various members upon the death of Mr. John Q. Adams, were ordered to be printed.

The first business in order as announced by the Speaker was the call upon the States for the introduction of resolutions, beginning with New York. Under this order various resolutions were offered.

Mr. Putnam moved the "Wilmot Proviso" to be applicable to all territory to be acquired by any treaty with, or cession from the Republic of Mexico.

Mr. Brodhead, of Pennsylvania, moved to lay this resolution on the table, which was taken by yeas and nays, and decided in the affirmative—105 yeas to 92 nays.

Mr. Vinton moved that the House resolve itself into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, which was agreed to, Mr. Hunt, of New York, in the Chair.

The Committee of the Whole then brought up the Appropriation Bill for supplying deficiencies in the last fiscal year.

Mr. Dobosch spoke at some length in opposition and offered an amendment. Upon the general question a debate sprung up, in which Messrs. Mullen, McKay, C. J. Ingersoll, Sawyer and Giddings participated. The latter took occasion to direct his remarks against Gen. Taylor's claims to the Presidency, and interrogated several members upon this subject. He was answered by Andrew Stewart, and a protracted discussion ensued, which caused some merriment from its cross firing.—Messrs. Henly and Dore also taking part.

The Committee rose after some time, reported progress, and the House then adjourned without further business.

Local Intelligence.

MR. CLAY.

Philadelphia has been in a state of feverish excitement ever since the arrival of Mr. Clay. It is impossible for our Whig friends to compose themselves—to hold themselves at all easy. The progress of the "great embodiment" from Washington to this city was attended with extraordinary popular manifestations; and he was received here with an enthusiasm equal to that which in years past welcomed Lafayette. The following from a Baltimore paper, is a sample of scenes that have occurred all along the route:

"When he arrived at Mr. Hughes' residence, on St. Paul Street, the crowd, which had followed, and congregated in front of the dwelling, and, amid constant and loud cheers, called for Mr. Clay to make his appearance. After a short delay an upper window was thrown open, and Mr. Clay made his appearance, greeted by tremendous cheering. When silence was at last sufficiently restored he said:—

"Gentlemen, I want to know what you are making all this noise about?"

"We wanted to see you," was the response, followed by loud cheers.

"I voice in the crowd—"You are that same old coon yet."

Mr. Clay—"Exactly—I am that same old coon."

Loud cheers again, and laughter.

Mr. Clay—"Gentlemen, now I will make a compromise with you—if you will let me alone, I will let you alone."

He here withdrew amid the most vociferous cheering, and the window was closed. The crowd, satisfied at seeing and hearing "that same old coon," retired.

Mr. Clay is staying in this city with the Mayor, Mr. Swift. Delegations have come in from various towns and counties in the interior, from New York city, &c., to invite Mr. Clay to visit them—these invitations, it is understood, have been generally declined. Mr. Clay, it is expected, will stay between one or two weeks in Philadelphia, visiting the manufactories and different places in the neighborhood. As one of the great men of the nation, both Democrats and Whigs are pleased to have him with us.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 135—adults 60 and children 75.

Miscellaneous.

SONG FOR THE POPE'S HEALTH.

(The following song was sung at a recent celebration of foreigners at Rome. It is the production of Mr. Lester, an Irish gentleman.)

"Bonny Water"

Old Tiber rose from his ocky bed,
And his ears grew erect with wonder,
For Lord Rosse in Paris' was the word that was said,
And he—listen fell, sweet wonder
And the Guns boomed loud from old Adrian's tomb
With a roar of joy that under
The vibe of Death might rouse a Soul
To exult in Freedom's thunder!

"In the Vatican where each Roman Man
Now sustains a Liberal part,
Twas a Peter's word had to live restored
Rome's Dying Gladiator!
Up! ye whose souls lap in its mantle group
Kept exalted and yet strangled,
Get loose from the hold of each Serpent fold
And exalted disentangled!

"What glorious and divine Leonhungle
In that best of parsons's Roses,
Of Moor and Saxon, of Celt and Pagan wrought
The blessed sense we winness!
Look down—to the cage of a Roman Youth
By Austria's sentinels, Liberal
Look up!—to the Reign of Right and Truth,
'Tis Rome!—but Rome Transvertuous!"

A BIT OF HUMOR.

We do not relish truth the less for being occasionally spiced with a little humor. The following extract from the report of a Committee on Hogs, read before an Agricultural Society "down east," contains some excellent hits:

"Again Sussex fetks accuse pigs of being filthy in their habits, and of having no fixed personal appearance. But whether food is best eaten off the ground, or from China plates, is, it seems to me, merely a matter of taste and convenience, about which pigs and men may honestly differ. They should not be too hastily condemned for this. Pigs are not filthy enough to chew tobacco, nor to poison their breath by drinking whiskey. And as to their personal appearance, you don't catch a pig playing the family, nor the fashion among them making their way up their muddy village, after a rain, on all stilts.

Notwithstanding their heterodox notions, hogs have some excellent traits of character. If one chances to wallow a little deeper in some mire hole than his fellows, and so—accident and unpleasantness will happen to the wisest of the earth than his brethren, he never assumes an extra importance on that account; neither are his brethren stupid enough to worship him for it. Their only question seems to be, is he still a hog? If he is, they treat him as such.

"And when a hog has no merits of his own, he never puts on aristocratic airs, nor claims any particular respect on account of his family connections; and yet some Hogs have descended from ancestors of great worth, and have inherited much of their ancestors' virtues. Such a hog, when he comes upon some mighty, "every tub must stand upon its own bottom."

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"In the Vatican where each Roman Man
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Get loose from the hold of each Serpent fold
And exalted disentangled!

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By Austria's sentinels, Liberal
Look up!—to the Reign of Right and Truth,
'Tis Rome!—but Rome Transvertuous!"

C. SWAIN.

PAT AND THE COCKNEY.

Pat Regan had a poor horse given him by a man who was about to send it to the Knacker's yard. Being something of a horse-jockey, he polished up the animal, mounted him, when he met by the way a cockneyfied looking chap, who he stated of him and his horse, and then burst into a laugh. Pat was by no means offended, but accosted him thus:

"Is it admiring the noble animal your honor is after?—fair, by the same sign I'd like to sell you this illegant hunter."

"What? purchase such a miserable jack as that," said the cockney, "why, he's spavined, half blind, and both his knees are broken."

"Bother," said Pat, "and that's just the beauty of him—than broken knees."

"How is that?" exclaimed the cockney.

"Fair, thin, he'll save the expense of a nether dog—he's brak his knees in going down to *set at partridges*."

Abused and impudent as the assertion was, Pat managed to wheedle the cockney into purchasing the horse, and away he went in high glee. Two or three days after, while he was standing at the Castle tavern-door, Pat was recognized by the person who had bought the horse. The gentleman was in a violent passion, and having collared him, dragged him into the bar, which was full of company, and soundly rated him as a swindler.

"You internal scoundrel," said he, "the horse you sold me went down on his knees in the middle of a brook, and nearly drowned me."

"Did he go down on his knees in the middle?" exclaimed Pat. "Orh, then, it's ruined entirely I am. Bedad, I sold him under his vally, any how."

"Under his value, you swindling scoundrel! Why, the beast wasn't worth a rap, and I had him shot."

"Had him shot! oh, murther!" cried Pat—"there's a loss! I wouldn't have sould him for a bouthfull of guineas, if I'd had it offered. I knew'd well enough that the horse of point at partridges, but begorra, *Divilish Jemmy tell you could on that he'd set at trout!*"

A GEM.

BY THE POET SHELLEY

When young I loved. At that delicious age,
So sweet, so short, love was my sole delight.
And when I reached the season to be sage,
Still I loved on, for prudence gave me light.
Age comes at length, and love gets me gone
Yet genius—sons still kiss these eyelids dim
For still I love, and love examines my heart.
What could counsels use for the time of him?

CONVERSATION OF AN EASTERN TRAVELLER.

"You look like a perfect Pert to-night. You remind me of a girl I once knew in Louisiana—Amanda, the sister of Schamyle Bey. Do you know, Miss Pim, that you would fetch twenty thousand piastres in the Market at Constantinople?"

"Law, Mr. Bulbul!" is all Miss Pim can ejaculate; and having talked over Miss Pim, Clarence goes off to another beauty, where he fascinates in a similar manner. He charmed Mrs. Waddy by telling her that she was the exact figure of the Pacha of Egypt's second wife. He gave Mrs. Tokely a piece of the sack in which Zuleika was drowned, and he actually persuaded that poor little silly Miss Vane to turn Mahometan, and sent her up to the Turkish Ambassador, to look out for a mufti.

DEATH FROM CHLOROFORM.

On Thursday week, in Cincinnati, a Mrs. Seymouds went to a dentist's office, for the purpose of having some teeth extracted. Chloroform was administered, and the usual symptoms were established. After the extraction of two teeth, she began to sink, and every effort thereafter to revive her proved ineffectual, and she finally fell into the arms of death.

Clippings.

☞ "Which are the hyenas and which are the monkeys?" inquired a child of the showman, at the exhibition of Victoria's portrait. "Your pay for admission, and have a right to choose."

☞ The grandfather of John Quincy Adams had four paralytic attacks, but survived them all, and died at last of old age.

☞ Subscriptions are now being taken up in the Eastern cities, for a relief fund, for the relief of the suffering Newfoundlanders.

☞ We learn from the Montreal Pilot that the annual Steeple Chase of the Quebec Snow Shoe Club was to take place across the country, the distance of five miles, on Washington's birthday!

☞ One thousand dollars have been raised in Keene, N. H., to be expended in prosecuting the liquor sellers of that town.

☞ The amount of capital invested in companies in Lawrence, Mass., is $5,000,000.

☞ War has been shrewdly defined, as murder set to music.

☞ The grand inquest of New York has presented the exhibition of the Model Artists as a nuisance that ought to be prohibited.

☞ Mr. Wesley considered his a preacher—Speak with all your heart, but with a moderate voice."

☞ Some of the young ladies down East possess the most determined virtue. If a young man asks who dwells in such a cottage, they give him warning by immediately exclaiming—"Take care, sir, if you kiss me, I will tell mother."

☞ More than two-thirds of the failures which happened in Berlin, during the last year, are believed to have been caused by speculations in railway shares.

☞ Twenty-five cent silver coins, so admirably counterfeited that the eye cannot detect them, are in circulation. The ring is false, and the practiced ear may detect the counterfeit readily by the ring.

☞ A merchant of St. Petersburg drives a carriage drawn by two very large mulines. They are harnessed exactly like carriage horses, and attract much attention.

☞ A prisoner, man tell his friend that he "found that he had struck his foot against a sharp nail.—Why then do you sleep without your boots?" was the reply.

☞ The Scottsman states that the trial by jury in our cases has proved a complete failure in Scotland, and mentions as a proof of the general dislike, that out of 1400 cases before the Court of Sessions in 1846-7, only 32 were disposed of by juries.

☞ You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation, but you cannot make a dog tear his father.

☞ People should not stop courting when they get married, but on the contrary should learn to court the more. This laying aside the little endearments that succeed love into being the very moment you have sworn to live on it forever, is almost perjury.

☞ Tread gently over the ashes of the dead, but avoid the utterance of any sentiment in their praise, which may mislead the minds of the living.

☞ "Wake up, here, and pay for your lodging," said a deacon, recently, as he nudged a sleepy stranger with the contribution box.

CLEVE ANODYNE TOOTHACHE DROPS.

☞ The sudden action of this medicine recently is one the most remarkable characteristics—it is not only quick but permanent in its effect, and may be used with perfect safety. Prudence are the experiences of essential administration that have been invented by growing sufferers upon its preparation. This is an old-fashioned article, and will cure the most violent toothache in one pain in the gums in one minute. It is not injurious to the teeth, will not injure the teeth, and effects a permanent cure. So wide and fashionably has the Cleave Anodyne performed all that has been claimed for it, that many attempts have been made to imitate it, and many worthless compounds are offered under the name of Cleave Anodyne. Purchasers must be sure to call for Johnson's Cleave Anodyne, and see that the name of Henry Johnson is on the wrapper of every genuine vial.

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TO THOSE SUFFERING WITH CHRONIC Rheumatism, Acute Rheumatism, Gouty Rheumatism, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Neuralgic Rheumatism, or any other form of the distressing disease—*the India Extract* is offered with full confidence of its good effects in affording prompt relief and a speedy cure. This preparation is as certain a cure for Rheumatism as Bark or Quinine are for Ague and Fever.

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Hemp do. Wagon Curtains,
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Rollers, do.
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TYPE FOR SALE.

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Items of News.

ORDEAL OF THE SAME OHIO.—A writer in the American Review says: "The Genesee trail, which we have been tracing, was one of the routes to the O-hee-yo, or Alleghany River, for those who sought to descend that stream towards the south west. O-hee-yo, the radix of the word Ohio, signifies by way of eminence, the Beautiful River; and the Iroquois, by conferring it upon the Alleghany, or head branch of the Ohio, has not only fixed a name upon one of the great rivers of the continent, but indirectly upon one of the noblest States of our confederacy."

YUCATAN AND THE UNITED STATES.—The Washington Era says, Mr. Sierra, the agent of the Government of Yucatan, authorized to submit to our Government a proposition for the annexation of that country to our Union, has received, so far, but little encouragement from the Administration.

A SURVIVOR OF THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.—The Chicago Daily Tribune says, that David Kennison, one of the survivors at the famous party who made a dish of tea in Boston Harbor, is living in that city at the advanced age of one hundred and fourteen years.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 8th to the 12th February.

February 5, received from

B. G. Zieber & Co.	$10 00	J. Nice	1 00
J. Stewarmen	10 00	W. A. Stockton	2 00
C. Jeffcom	5 00	J. Hoffman & Clark	1 00
A. B. Cornwell & Co.	5 00	D. H. Lewis & Co.	20 00
J. D. Evans	2 00	S. T. Dunn	2 00
J. S. Rowley	10 00	Miss N. McMath	2 00
W. S. Wiles	7 00	A. B. Shaw & Co.	15 00
J. Shedden	1 25	Mrs. D. Tuites	2 00
J. Burgess	1 50	H. N. Hawley	2 00
J. Lyons	5 00	T. P. Dawson & Co.	10 00
S. Usher	5 00	W. D. Ballocker, Jr.	2 00
B. Reed	5 00	S. L. Small & Co.	5 00
February 7.			
G. W. Fairman	2 00	G. Klein	2 00
F. Belcher	2 00	Miss M. W. Lane	2 00
J. F. Smith	2 00	J. May	2 00
Dr. S. H. Andrews	3 00	H. Barnhisel	2 00
H. Neese	4 00	J. Freeman

Poetry.

[...]AN'S MAGAZINE.

[...] OF THE FIRE.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

[...] hearth-stone, broad and bright,
[...]ng brands threw a cheerful light
[...] calm of the Winter's night.

[...] features wore the gleam
[...]ched locks from an angel dream,
[...]right hair stirred in the flickering beam.

[...]e crimson soft to his lips were pressed,
[...]d was leaned on his happy breast,
[...] the throb of the bosom his soul expressed;

[...]d ever a gentle murmur came
[...]om the clear bright heart of the wavering flame,
[...]like the faltering thrill of a worshipped name.

He kissed her on the snow, white brow,
And told her in fonder words, the vow
He whispered under the moonlit bough;

And o'er them a steady radiance came
From the shining heart of the mountain flame,
Like a love that burns through life the same.

The maiden smiled through her joy-dimmed eyes,
As he led her spirit to sunnier skies,
Whose cloudless light on the future lies—

And a moment paused the laughing flame,
And it listened awhile, and then there came
A cheery burst from its sparkling frame.

He watched a home by pure love blest,
Clasping their souls in a calmer rest,
Like woodland birds in their leafy nest.

There slept, foreshadowed, the bliss to be,
When a tenderer life that home should see,
In the wingless cherub that climbed his knee.

And the flame went on with its flickering song,
And beckoned and laughed to the lovers long,
Who sat in its radiance red and strong.

Then broke and fell a glimmering brand
To the cold, dead ashes it fed and fanned,
And its last gleam leaped like an infant's ha[nd].

A sudden dread to the maiden stole,
For the gloom of a sorrow seemed to [roll]
O'er the sunny landscape within [her] soul.

But, hovering over its smouldering bed,
Its ruddy pinions the flame outspread,
And again through the chamber its glory shed;

And ever its [...] seemed to be
The mingl[ed] voices of household glee,
Like a [...] of winds in a mountain tree.

The [...] went on in its silent flow,
While [th]rough the waving and wreathed glow
They watched the years of the Future go.

The happy spirits learned the chime
Of laughing voice and murmured rhyme—
A [...] music for aftertime.

[Th]ey felt a flame as glorious start,
[W]hen, side by side, they dwelt apart,
[In] the quiet homestead of the heart.

A True Story.

THE VOICE OF THE MUTE.

A Passage from Actual Life.

W. Gilmore Simms has an interesting article headed as above, in the last number of the Union Magazine, which is rather too prolix for a newspaper to copy. The substance of it is as follows:—

A widow residing in one of the northern counties of South Carolina, had two children who were mutes—a boy and a girl. "They were both nearly grown, at the period to which we entreat the attention of the reader. Though mutes, uneducated and simple, they were not deficient, it would seem, in a certain degree of natural intelligence; but lacking wholly those external aids by which society would have trained it into activity, they soon proved themselves wild and unmanageable, so far as parental control was concerned. They were harmless, however, offering no offence to those with whom they came in contact; and, though moody and passionate at periods, were very far from exhibiting such dispositions as would have rendered them dangerous, or even troublesome to the neighborhood. They were thus tolerated, though without winning sympathies; and, though unmolested in their somewhat erratic courses, were yet very far from possessing the favor, or even the pity, of those around them."

Both were wild and wandering in their habits, but the sister (who is represented to have possessed quite a gentle and pleasing character) was peculiarly so. "She was literally a wild nymph of the woods, wandering away, day and night, at all hours and seasons—designing no harm—feeling no fear—and so completely in disregard of restraint and pursuit, that it became necessary to erect for her a rude log dwelling in the thickest of the forest, where she was known to range, in order that she might, when she pleased, find a shelter at night from the inclement weather. How often or how infrequently she employed this refuge, in obedience to her instincts, could only be conjectured. That she did use it was satisfactorily known. Thither she retired when the storm threatened, or the cold; and from thence she emerged when the weather moderated, not regarding the absence of the sunshine, but going forth at dawn, at dusk, or in the starlight, as if she communed with other than the ordinary inhabitants of this earth.

With wild creatures she lived in a degree of social intercourse and kindly communion, such as it was utterly impossible that a being so constituted should ever have found in human society; unless, perhaps, where it was so morally superior, that love and pity would have been ever present to reconcile her friends to cares and anxieties, such as her erratic habits would forever have kept in exercise. The hunters found her absolutely herding with the deer which they pursued. They were seen, as she sat, or wandered beneath the old trees, browsing, without apprehension, around her footsteps. The doe led her young fawn to the very spot where she most loved to linger; appearing to place it in the keeping of one who represented humanity only in its most friendly and affectionate aspects. The wild turkey led along the track, unembarrassed at her coming; and the partridge and the dove, acknowledging in her a nature not unlike their own, felt in her presence no necessity to use their wings. We exaggerate nothing in these statements. Such were the asseverations made on oath by the witnesses, none of whom were of a class to invent such seeming extravagances. This testimony is greatly countenanced by the leading event in our history. It was in these abodes—pursuing this wild, strange life—in this communion with the inferior suspicious nature—in the haunt of the fox, the wild cat, and the deer—that the poor girl was finally found murdered! She, whom the reptile and the beast had spared, fell a victim to the carelessness or the brutality of her own species. A load of buckshot had penetrated her innocent bosom, and when she was discovered, life was utterly extinct. The question naturally was, by whose hands had she perished? Who could have been guilty of a crime so dreadful, so wanton, so entirely without motive, so horribly cruel, in the case of a creature so commended by every feeling of sympathy and pity to the indulgence and the protection of humanity?

Suspicion, strange to say, after some wandering, settled upon the youth, her brother! There were certain facts and circumstances which seemed to give a countenance to the horrible conjecture that it was by his hands the fatal shot were sent. It appears that, for some days before her death, there had been a misunderstanding, amounting to warm disagreement, between the two. In their own imperfect, but passionate manner, they had quarrelled on the very morning of the day on which the deed was done. She had gone forth, and, without any known reconciliation between them, he had been seen to seize his gun, only a little while after, to load it, and follow in her footsteps. These and other particulars which appeared in evidence, rendered his conduct exceedingly suspicious.

He was accordingly arrested, confined and finally brought up for trial. But here a difficulty occurred—how was he to be made to understand the charge against him, especially as regards the "evil intent." As no one else could communicate with him, his mother was requested to endeavor to convey to his mind the full force of the charge—that he was accused of killing his sister; that he had designed to kill her; and that he had done so at the instigation of a *bad heart*. The last to be particularly insisted upon. The result we give entirely in Mr. Simms' language:

It was only after considerable time and difficulty, that the mother appeared to conceive the entire scope of the ideas which the judge labored to convey. Professing, at last, that she did so, she prepared to transmit them to her son through their usual media of intelligence. It was a curious study to the court to witness the progress of the scene, and the gradual dawning, upon the inert and unexpert intellect of the youth, of the strange, unaccustomed idea. From the first, there had been no sign of indifference on his part. He exhibited a large degree of curiosity and anxiety. It would have been idle to plead idiocy, or the absence of sufficient intelligence to render him a sociably responsible being. His arrest, his confinement, and the novel scene in which he found himself, were all circumstances calculated to open the way for new and strange convictions; and when the mother challenged his attention, she found him equally heedful and submissive. The details of such a scene are not to be described. It would be equally useless and impossible to endeavor to detail the various steps and processes—the eager signs—the murmured sounds—the wild contortions of visage [—t]he impatient action of the form, by which she [ex]pressed him with the idea of his sister when [...] of his quarrel with her on the morning of [...]—how she went forth into the forest as [...] he loaded his gun and followed her—[...] back and she did not—how she was [...] of condition—her body riddled with [...] incapable of further strife and fur[ther ...]y hands. Step by step, however, [...] wonderful ingenuity, the result [...] daily necessities, she fed his [...] to the just appreciation of [...]ry. It was evident, at the close of a certain stage in the proceedings, that these were finally comprehended. The important difficulty remained of showing him, not only his own share in the deed, but the motive and the malice of it;—the *moral* of the fact—how, *provoked* by his sister in the quarrel, he had prepared his gun with buck-shot, *for her destruction*; how, filled with this purpose, he had deliberately pursued her, instigated by the *bad, black heart*, had followed her to her favorite retreat in the forest, and there completed the measure of his evil thoughts by shooting her through the body. We need scarcely say, that it was in approaching this portion of her task, that the mother found her greatest difficulty. To connect the moral purpose with the deed, with which, to the ordinary mind, it is not always coupled, was in the present case productive of more prolonged trial of the patience of the parties. The court, however, and the spectators, watched, with unflagging interest, the strange dramatic spectacle. They did not seem to feel fatigue as they looked to the eyes and features of the accused for the gradual appearance of that dawning light of consciousness which should announce the entry of the new idea into his mind. Equally wild and vacant, for a time, were his features, as he submitted to a further examination, in which the signs were many of them wholly new, and significant of new suggestions—signs, some of them, of which the woman herself seemed doubtful, even while she employed them; and which she sometimes exchanged for others. It was doubtful whether she would succeed. The boy seemed rather bewildered than informed. She herself grew somewhat bewildered; and it was only by the frequent interposition of the judge, that she was kept steadily on the track of that leading motive of the supposed criminal, to which it was essential that his thoughts should be awakened. Still, there was progress: every now and then, it would be seen that the eye of the boy would lighten, as if under a moral consciousness; and he would nod affirmatively, as if taking the suggestion that the mother labored to convey. Point after point was thus gained, in this strange progress; and the whole nature of the charge, slowly and painfully evolved in details too minute for us to follow, it was evident to all, began to glimmer faintly upon his faculties; until as the burden of the accusation, in all its hideous proportions, flashed completely upon his soul, he uttered a shriek of terrible intelligence, which thrilled through the whole assembly—a hideous shriek, such as belongs only to the mute, where the voice seems to struggle with convulsive violence against the bonds which it cannot break; and before his purpose could be conjectured, he leaped from the prisoner's dock, and, putting aside all obstacles, darting across the intervening space, bounded headlong up the steps which led to the bench where sat the presiding judge. He had seen the part which the latter had taken in the trial—had noticed his controlling influence of his mother, and conceived him to be the sole arbiter of his fate. In an instant, he had fastened his arms about the neck of the astonished magistrate; and with convulsive sobs, the inadequate wail of imbecility, the tears all the while pouring down his cheeks, he proceeded by his rude but expressive action—which no longer needed the interpretations of his mother—to deny that he was guilty—that he had ever lifted his hand against his sister;—to declare that he had always loved her too well to give her pain; and as for the *bad, black heart* of which he was accused, to fling it from him with aversion and horror, as a guest to which he had never given harborage in his breast. The action was admirably true to his purpose. No language could have made it more significant. It was the voice of nature in her emergency. Here was a case in which the instincts made the actor; enabling him to attain a degree of eloquence, though speechless, which produced emotions quite as intense, and convictions quite as satisfactory, as any words could have done. The whole court was in tears. The counsel of the prisoner was dumb, having no arguments so powerful as those which the mute himself had produced. The Judge, his eyes teeming with frequent overflow, gave the case to the jury, in a charge, which, to those who knew his remarkable successes in sudden and passionate outbursts of emotion, it will not seem extravagant to say, was one of the most noble and touching specimens of judicial eloquence that ever responded to the full and exquisite sympathies of an audience.

We need hardly say that the prisoner was acquitted—that the jury, without leaving their places, found him guiltless of the offence;—the mere array of circumstances, short of absolute proof of the crime, not being suffered to weigh against that *voice of the mute* himself, which could only have found its irresistible eloquence in the conscious innocence of his heart. But who was guilty? The question, to this day, remains unanswered. It is one that need not be again disturbed. The penalties, to him whose hand performed the murderous action, have, no doubt, been quite as terrible as any which could be inflicted by human law. It was very probably, as we have already hinted, the involuntary deed of the hunter, whose heart failed in the necessary courage which would have honestly declared his misfortune, and have found in the open avowal of his sorrow and contrition, a soothing and a relief against those stings of self-reproach, which his very silence must make remorseful.

For the Ladies.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

A HINT TO SOME MARRIED LADIES.

With cheeks bedew'd with drops of pearl,
Sad Psyche sought the grove,
Where she her tresses used to curl
With innocence and love.

Sweet Modesty, a rural maid,
O'ertook the weeping fair—
Ask'd why in loose attire she stray'd
And why diffused her hair?

"I Cupid seek o'er hill and dell;
From me the god is fled;
And, what's the cause I cannot tell,
He shuns the nuptial bed."

"Dry up thy tears, and cease to mourn,"
Return'd the sylvan chaste,
"Accept of me this magic zone
And bind it round thy waist!

"Tie up thy locks, thy dress improve,
And soon this change thou'lt see
Psyche shall cease to follow Love,
And Love shall follow thee."

The zone about her waist she ties,
Each tress a ringlet flows;
Her bosom's hid from vulgar eyes,
Each cheek displays a rose.

Now in the stream surveys her face,
And smiles at charms so fair—
The while she studied every grace,
Love came and found her there.

Enraptured, to her arms he flew;
With joy she felt the change;
Improved the cause from whence it grew,
And Love forgot to range.

Ye wedded dames, my hint descry,
Nor blame the friendly part—
The slattern makes the lover fly,
While neatness chains the heart.

LADIES' EMBELLISHMENTS.

The perfumes of the Babylonian chemists were celebrated all over the world. The men dressed with great splendor; but the women, especially the favorites of royalty, were arrayed with exceeding magnificence. The queens had certain districts set apart for maintaining their toilets and wardrobes. One province furnished a veil, another a girdle, and these districts were named accordingly—one being called the queen's mantle, another the queen's girdle, &c.

The Greeks, even in the heroic ages, in which the actions of gods and men are so strangely blended, indulged in showy costumes and ornaments, and the ladies painted their faces to heighten the charms of nature. Still, with all these loads of finery, the ancients were strangers to many of the elegancies and conveniences of modern dress. Instead of shoes and stockings, they went with the legs bare and sandals on their feet; and they were without linings, shirts, drawers, pins, buckles, buttons or pockets.

But when we come to the refinement of Athenian civilization, we find the ladies spending the whole morning at the toilet, washing, painting, arranging their elaborate head-dresses, curling their hair in ringlets with hot irons, and dressing themselves in robes of so light and fine a texture, as to reveal the outlines of their forms, and every motion of their bodies. Female beauty was never displayed with more art or elegance.

The Roman ladies added to the refinements of the Greeks. In the morning they went to the bath; then came the grand operations of the toilet, which required several hours and many assistants. One dressing-maid was exclusively employed in combing, curling and dressing the hair; another attended to the perfumes; a third disposed of the jewels, selecting and arranging the suit to be worn each day; a fourth was employed entirely in the preparation and laying on of various cosmetics and paints; while several others had their particular departments, all acting under the direction of one general superintendent, whose taste directed the formation of the *tout ensemble*, while madame herself sat before the mirror, studying her smiles, glances, and attitudes; and, if we may credit Juvenal, sometimes punishing the blunders of her attendants with the most unfeeling severity.

Among the ornaments of the Roman ladies, were hair-combs of ivory, gold and silver pins with heads of pearl, chains and rings of gold, purple and white ribbons, and precious stones. Entire artificial head-dresses, with all these ornaments, could be bought at the shops, and false tresses and ringlets were as common two thousand years ago as at the present day. As red or golden hair was the fashionable color, dark hair was dyed light, and gold dust was mingled with the head-dress, as was powder, at a much later period. The Roman ladies also removed superfluous hair with tweezers and depilatory powders, and painted their eyebrows, and wore false teeth.

The materials of the costume at this period, were linen, cotton, woollen, goat's hair, and camel's hair. Silk was brought from Persia into Greece three hundred and twenty-three years before Christ, and from India to Rome, A. D. 274. In the reign of Tiberius, the senate made a law forbidding men to debase themselves by wearing silk, which was fit only for women. In 550, two monks brought silk-worms from the East Indies to Constantinople, and the manufacture became common in the West. Silk was worn in England in 1286, at a ball at Kenilworth Castle. In 1620, silk weaving was introduced into England; and King Edward the Sixth was the possessor of the first pair of silk stockings.

The Anglo-Saxons and Danes considered their hair the most attractive ornament. Young ladies wore it in flowing ringlets; the married, more confined. To have the hair cut off was such a disgrace as to be considered a sufficient punishment for any crime. The priests were ordered to shave off their hair, as an extreme mortification. These, in revenge, preached that long hair was criminal. St. Wulfstan, says William of Malmesbury, "rebuked the wicked of all ranks with great boldness; but was particularly severe upon those who were proud of their long hair. He reproached them for their effeminacy, and denounced the most dreadful judgments upon them."

The love of finery early led to such boundless extravagance among the nations of Europe, that sumptuary laws were passed in various countries, regulating the dress of different classes, and placing limits, beyond which it was not allowed to pass. Such was the case in Greece and Rome, and still more in other countries in Europe. Several such edicts were published by Henry the Fourth, of France, who saw his exhausted kingdom still more exhausted by the emulation of finery in his female subjects.

When we consider the greater cost of articles of luxury, it will appear that the dress of ladies in the fifteenth century, was far more expensive than any known at the present day. Laura, the celebrated mistress of Petrarch, wore on her head a silver coronet, her hair was tied up with a knot of jewels, her dress was magnificent, and her gloves were of silk brocaded with gold; and silk at this time was four pounds sterling a pound, and was only allowed to the nobility.

A very striking change was effected in England, during the ascendancy of Puritanism. All luxuries of dress were looked upon as wicked, and even natural beauty was looked upon as only a temptation to sin. The women, full of this fanaticism, laid aside all ornaments and luxuries of apparel, and some carried the idea so far, that they discarded clothing altogether; and it is recorded that one of these came into the church where Cromwell was, without so much as the first garment of fig leaves, that she might be, as she said, a sign unto the people.

At the Restoration, everything went to the other extreme. The royalists, to be opposed in everything to the republicans, dressed with the greatest extravagance, and the costumes of the court of Charles II., both in their richness and their immodesty, faithfully depict the licentiousness which was in a measure the direct consequence of the other Puritanical extreme.

When unconstrained by law, female costume has been governed by the manners and morals of the times. When the dress conceals the person, it is an indication of great purity or jealousy—when there is much exposure, we may be confident of a corresponding license. In Venice, the ladies, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, dressed in such thin light stuffs, that not only the shape of the body, but the color of the skin could be distinguished through them. In France, in the fourteenth century, the women appeared half naked in public assemblies, and in the public walks dressed so much like men, that they could scarcely be distinguished from them, except by the voice or complexion.

The first we hear of artificial compression of the waist was in the fifteenth century, in Italy, where the men, according to Petrarch, had their stomachs squeezed by machines of iron.

It was only toward the beginning of the last century that the impression became general that the female waist, as formed by nature and imitated by painters and sculptors in the master-pieces of art, was too large, and systematic compression used to bring it into proper dimensions. Stays were invented, and the female waist, under its influence, was brought into the shape of an hour-glass, or an insect. Anatomy, physiology, and all the correct principles of taste, were painfully or ludicrously disregarded; for while we shudder at the idea of lungs pressed up into the throat, and liver jammed down into the abdomen—a stomach compelled to digest, and a heart to beat, under a heavy pressure—it is impossible for a man of correct taste not to laugh at the carricatures of female beauty which this artifice produces.

It must not be supposed, however, that stays and tight-lacing held their sway steadily, from their first invention to the present time. On the contrary, they soon met with a powerful opposition, and were denounced by both physicians and connoisseurs in female beauty; and fashion, ever tending to extremes, made waists, as much too large as they had been too small, and by the aid of various stuffings, about 1766, every lady appeared with a waist out of proportion with the rest of her person. This did not last long, and small waists came into fashion; and longer or shorter, sometimes with the girdle just under the arms, sometimes close upon the hips, small waists have pretty steadily held their ascendancy until the present day, when the ladies really show a disposition not to deform their most beautiful proportions, and we see women again as nature made them.

The height to which the female dress is worn, has been subject to curious and rapid changes. About the beginning of the last century, it was highly indecent to show two inches of the neck; about the middle of it, the dress had descended very low upon the shoulders; a few years after, every lady was muffled up to the chin; and so, alternately, the ladies have been misers and prodigals of their charms.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

Wit and Humor.

LEGAL ELOQUENCE.

Gentlemen of the Jury:—Can you for an instant suppose that my client here, a man who allers sustained a high depredation in society, a man all on you suspect and esteem for his many good qualities; yes, gentlemen, a man what never drinks less than a quart of likker a day, can you, I say, for an instant suppose that this ere man would be guilty of hooking a box of percushun caps! Rattlesnakes and coon-skins forbid! Picter to yourselves, a feller fast asleep in his Log Cabin, with his innocent wife and orphan children by his side, all nature hushed in deep repose, and naught to be heard but the muttering of the silent thunder, and the hollering of bull frogs, then imagine to yourselves a feller sneaking up to the door like a despicable hyena, softly entering the dwelling of the peaceful and happy family, and in the most mendacious and dasdardly manner, hooking a whole box of percushum caps! Gentlemen, I will not, I cannot dwell upon the monstrosity of such a scene! My feelings turn from such a picter of moral turpentine, like a big woodchuck would turn from my dog Rose! I cannot for an instant harbor the idea that any man in these diggins, much less this ere man, could be guilty of committing an act of such rantankerous and unexampled discretion.

And now, gentlemen, after this ere brief view of the case, let me entreat you to make up your minds candidly and impartially, and give us such a verdict as we might reasonably suspect from such an enlightened and intolerable body of our fellow citizens, remembering that in the language of Nimrod, who fell in the battle of Bunker Hill, it is better that ten men escape, rather than one guilty one should suffer. Judge, give us a chaw of tobaccer.

VARIETIES.

"I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me, sir," said she, "I choose to keep it, for it is likewise emblematical of mine for you—it has no beginning."

Why is an oyster the greatest paradox in nature? D'ye give it up?

Because it has a head without any chin,
And gets out of bed to be tucked in.

Written on a glass vase by a lady—

"The flames of love shall ne'er consume my heart,
Though Cupid smite me with his keenest dart."

A gentleman wrote beneath them—

"The lady has her resolution spoken,
Yet wrote on glass, in hopes it may be broken!"

NOT TO BE BEAT.—A public dinner in Edinburg had dwindled away to two guests, an Englishman and a Highland gentleman, who were each trying to prove the superiority of their native countries. Of course, at an argument of this kind, a Scotchman possesses, from constant practice, overwhelming advantages. The Highlander's logic was so good that he beat his opponent on every point; at last the Englishman put a poser.

"You will," he said, "at least admit that England is larger in extent than Scotland?"

"Certainly not," was the confident reply. "You see, sir, ours is a mountainous, youre is a flat country. Now if all our hills were *rolled out flat*, we should beat you by hundreds of square miles."

GOOD AT FIGURES.—A young lady of eighteen, Miss B., was engaged to be married to a gentleman of thirty-six. Her mother having noticed her low spirited for some time, inquired the reason.

"Oh dear! mamma," replied the young lady, "I was thinking about my husband being twice my age."

"That's true—but he's only thirty-six."

"He's only thirty-six, now, mamma; but—but when I'm sixty—"

"Well—"

"Oh! dear! then he'll be a *hundred and twenty!*"

PROVERBIAL PUZZLE.—A moralist recommends us to "bridle the belly." Would he have us continually putting a bit in it?

Our Portrait Gallery.

COLONEL FREMONT.

We are indebted for the above engraving to an interesting work called "Taylor and Staff," recently published by Grigg & Elliot, of this city.

Selected Articles.

THE DEAD.

BY M. F. TUPPER.—AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

I praise the dead!
All their tears are wiped away,
Their darkness turned to perfect day,
How blessed, are the dead,
how beautiful be they!

Oh gracious dead!
That watch me from your paradise
With happy, tender, star-like eyes,
Let your sweet influence rain
me blessings from the skies.

Immortal dead!
Ye in your lot are fixed as fate,
And man or angel is too late
To beckon back by prayer
one change upon your state.

Oh, god-like dead,
Ye that do rest, like Noah's dove,
Fearless I leave you to the love
Of Him who gave you peace,
to bear with you above!

And ye, the dead,
Godless on earth, and gone astray,
Alas, your hour is past away,—
The Judge is just; for you
it now were sin to pray.

Still, all ye dead,
First may be last and last be first,—
Charity counteth no man curst,
But hopeth still in Him
whose love would save the worst.

Therefore, ye dead,
I love you, be ye good or ill,
For God, our God, doth love me still,
And you He loved on earth
with love that naught could chill.

And some, just dead,
To me on earth most deeply dear,
Who loved and cursed and blest me here
I love you with a love
that casteth out all fear.

Come near me, Dead!
In spirit come to me, and kiss,—
No!—I must wait awhile for this
A few, few years or days
and I too feed on bliss!

AN ELECTION ANECDOTE.

Very soon after the elevation of Gov. Tompkins to the Chair of State, of New York, after his triumphant success over Governor Lewis, the latter was elected to the Senate from the middle district, and chosen a member of the Council of Appointment. At one of the sessions of this Council, Governor Lewis introduced the subject of the recent election, and expressed his surprise at the result—more especially marvelling at the change of popular opinion in a particular town in Otsego, where, his friends had assured him, there was but one man in it, who would vote for the "Farmer's Boy." "Don't you know how that was brought about?" asked Tompkins.—"Not I," replied the ex-Governor; "but should like to know the cause." "Well, then," said the other, "it was thus:—The solitary voter you mention, did for a long time stand alone—the butt and ridicule of all his townsmen, for his staunch adherence to the 'Farmer's Boy;' and one day, at a large meeting, they began, as usual, to roast him for his singular predilection. Says your particular friend, Judge S.:—'Is it possible that you mean to vote for Daniel D., the Farmer's Boy? Why! he was sold, ten years ago, by his father, for twenty bushels of potatoes!—Really! it is disgraceful to stick to a fellow who was held so cheap by his own relations.' 'Well, Judge,' was the reply, 'I don't know anything about the story, but if you say it is, it must be true; but, I've heard tell, that, since that time, he has been a member of the State Convention—a member of the Assembly—and a member of Congress; is that true?' 'Yes,' said the Judge, 'but what of that?' 'Why, just this: I know, beside all these, he has been a Supreme Judge, for I saw him at Cooperstown, at the Circuit; and, for a young man who was sold so cheap, he has got up the ladder pretty fast, and, to my notion, must be a confounded smart chap; but, before you spy motes in the eyes of our candidate, you had better take the beam from those of your own. I tell you, I'd rather go for the *Farmer's Boy*, than to vote for a fellow that went about the State with a camel for a show!' This was like the explosion of a bomb-shell. The whole room was in an uproar. 'What's that you say?' asked half a dozen at a time, and Judge S., with great solemnity, exclaimed:—'Do you dare to say that Governor Lewis ever kept a camel for a show? That's actionable!' 'Well, I said what I did say, and you may make the most of it,' was the rejoinder; 'and I ask you, Judge, and every man here, if, when he and Solomon Van Rensselaer came out here to review our brigade, if there was not a camel came along at the same time?' 'Well, what of that?' they all roared out, 'you have not the impudence to say, that was Governor Lewis's camel?' 'I say what I say,' said my friend, 'and I ask you all, if, when we went over the next day to the muster of the other brigade, was not the camel there?' It was admitted. 'Well, was not it so in Chenango, when their troops were paraded?' he continued. This was also accorded. 'Well,' now,' said my friend, triumphantly, 'here is a Utica paper, giving notice of a general review in Oneida, and here, just under it, the camel is advertised to be shown for a shilling!' 'But, Mr. ———, now you don't seriously think the money for the show went into Governor Lewis's pocket?' they asked. 'Well, I won't say all I think,' says my friend, 'but this I will say, I don't think he was much out of pocket by the journey; but, if anybody thinks differently, he may, and that's all I shall say about it, and so, good bye.' There were 'strange coincidences,' and my friend having infused the *leaven*, took his leave. 'I declare,' said one, 'there is something in this.' 'I think so, too,' said another. "You don't catch me voting for a camel-driver!" said a third.—'Nor me, neither,' said a fourth. The whole mass was in a ferment; Judge S. was left alone in his glory, and I carried the town; his vote alone against me!"

The quondam Governor was rather fidgetty during this narration, and made frequent applications to his snuff-box, and, taking a pinch extraordinary, he arose and walked across the room, exclaiming: "You did lie me out of that election, most infernally!"—*Home Journal.*

"COOLNESS IN DANGER."

No man probably was more cool and collected, when beset by imminent danger, than Sir Sidney Smith, an instance of which occurred on his North Sea command, as related by one of his lieutenants. The Antelope was caught, among the numerous banks in this sea, by a sudden and boisterous blast of wind, when a tremendous surf was raging furiously over the shallows, and the ship became unmanageable; every endeavor was made to wear the ship, but in vain; to stay her was out of the question, and nothing appeared to be left but to let her drive into the breakers. Sir Sidney having exhausted all his skill, thus addressed his officers:

"Gentlemen, we have apparently acted in concert, but to no effect; you see your danger, and although we have done all we could to avert it, if there be any among you who has a suggestion to make, I shall be most happy to hear him; but there is not a moment to lose." All were silent, no one offered the least counsel.

"Then," says he, "there unfortunately is but one opinion. I must believe that you all agree with me that our situation is not a very enviable one, and so, my comrades," ringing the bell for his servant, with the utmost apparent composure, he said to the man, "Tell the cook to send up coffee."

GIVING IT TO 'EM.—On the day of the last election as we were walking up Chesnut street, some good-natured but hard-working politician whom we had never seen before, slapped us smartly on the shoulder.

"Ain't we givin' 'em Jesse?" said he.

Now, as we belong equally to both sides, we were for a moment puzzled before answering.

"We are, sir, as you say, givin' 'em Jesse; and if the people are only true to themselves they'll certainly carry the day!"—*City Item.*

MIKE WALSH.

A correspondent of the Rochester American, writing from Albany, gives the following characteristic "effort" of the Subterranean representative, who, it seems was entrusted with the duty of asking, of the N. Y. Assembly, leave of absence for Mr. Titus, (another city member,) who was suddenly called home by an "interesting family event." Though it does not impress one with a very lofty idea of legislative dignity, it is nevertheless one of those little episodes, that, now and then occurring, serve to relieve the monotony of ordinary debate, and as such we give it.

Mike, arising in his seat, with great solemnity of tone and face said:

"Mr. Speaker—I have to announce to the House that last evening, while at his boarding-house, my colleague, Mr. Titus, had the fortune to receive a most important communication by telegraph. While reading the note his countenance betrayed strong emotions of joy. No May morning, resplendent with the sun's horizontal beams, ever shone more brightly than the face of my friend. The bystanders anxiously desired to know what had caused such excitement in his mind. Utterance was denied him. He thrust the note into his pocket and went into a back room. Thither his wondering and solicitous associates followed him. One of his colleagues, Mr. Rodman, is a scientific man, and gave it as his opinion that poor Mr. Titus had been too freely taking that exhilerating and wonderful liquid, chloroform. But as soon as the state of his feelings would permit him to produce the note from his breeches pocket, the mystery was explained. We read and were satisfied. The telegraph brought intelligence that Mrs. Titus had presented her husband with an heir; and not an heir only, but *a boy*; and not a boy only, but *a fine boy!* The exultation of Napoleon when Maria Louisa gave him a son to inherit his empire and his renown, was tame compared with that of Mr. Titus. As soon as he could command his faculties, he called for champagne and segars. Official dignity was thrown aside. Our friend was no longer Mr. Titus the legislator, but Mr. Titus the father of a boy. Taking kindly leave of his friends, and tendering his heartfelt thanks to all who could be supposed to have contributed in any way to so auspicious an event, he departed in last night's cars to see his happy spouse and infant heir, I ask leave of absence for him of ten days."

It is needless to say that leave was granted amid roars of laughter.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

In a late publication of Leigh Hunt's, bearing the quaint title of "A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla, or Sweets from Sicily in particular, and Pastoral Poetry in general," we find an excellent story.

A Bishop, more remarkable for pride and covetousness, than for any of the Christian graces which are supposed to belong to the occupants of Episcopal Palaces *ex-officio*, was waited upon by one of his inferior clergy, and solicited to aid some poor people who were suffering from want. His Lordship listened with ill-suppressed impatience, and declined doing anything for these starving members of his flock. The poor Priest, moved with indignation, finally told him that he feared he did not know his *eleven* commandments.

"'Eleven commandments!' cried the Bishop; 'why, fellow, you are drunk. Whoever heard of an eleventh commandment? Depart, or you shall be put in the stocks.'

"'Put your own drunken pride and cruelty in the stocks,' retorted the good Priest, angered beyond his Christian patience, and preparing to return to the sufferers, for whom he had pleaded in vain. 'I say there are eleven commandments, not ten, and that it were well for such flocks as you govern, if it were added, as it ought to be, to the others over the tables in church. Does your Lordship remember—do you in fact know anything at all of Him who came on earth to do good to the poor and woful, and who said, "Behold I give unto you a *new commandment*, LOVE ONE ANOTHER."'"

SENTIMENTAL STANZAS.

By "A Beautiful Virginia Widow—A Dyspeptic at the time of its Composition."

Oh! no! I never mention it,
The name of apple pie!
My lips are now forbid to taste
The once familiar fry
To munch and milk their hurry me
To ease me when I fret;
And when they see me lift the spoon
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in crackers stale,
The charm that doctors see;
But should my strength and spirits fail,
I'll never drink black tea
'Tis true, a year has passed since at
The table where we met,
I've sat me down to eat and chat
Yet how can I forget

They tell me mutton now is poor,
The leanest of the lean;
They hint that lamb is very thin,
But I know what they mean;
Perhaps like me poor Betty E———,
Her living may regret;
But if her appetite's like mine
She never can forget
Spirit of the Times.

NICHOLAS BIDDLE.

A letter-writer from Philadelphia, in the Boston Courier, calls up these *recollections* of what has been:—

Philadelphia, though abounding in wealthy men still, has fallen from the higher position she once occupied in this respect. Monuments of this fall are strikingly conspicuous. Before my window stands the stuffed hide of the thirty five million "monster," stuffed now with Uncle Sam's revenue parchments. The victor occupies the house of the slain. It stands a perpetual monument of the fact that no "monster," however powerful, is powerful enough to successfully combat the "unterrified democracy." More emphatic still speaks a little sign, the bigness of a man's hand, a little further down the street, by the side of an unpretending stairway leading to a small dusty room, which echoes only to the tread of a grey and wan-looking clerk. On this little sign is written, "Office of the Trustees of the Bank of the United States."—Here, in this deserted room, lies the withered heart of the beast whose name was Leviathan. For all the rest, where is it?

The private history of Mr. Biddle, after misfortune laid its heavy hand upon him, is very sad. I have no time to enter upon it. He suffered insult, contumely, and, bitterer than all, neglect from those who had once basked in the sunshine of his favor, and called themselves his friends. They heartlessly mocked him in his calamities. It is beyond a doubt true that he died of a broken heart.

PAIN AND CARE.

If every pain and care we feel,
Could burn upon our brow;
How many hearts would move to heal,
That strive to crush us now.

The Horticulturist.

WHITE-WASH ON FRUIT TREES.

A. J. Downing and others, have given it as their opinion, that an injurious effect is produced on fruit trees by the sun's rays, when they strike the body and limbs with direct force, while the sap is *frozen*, or when there are sudden changes from cloud to sunshine. The writer has not had sufficient opportunity for comparison to form a positive opinion in the case; but as it has been suggested that the application of white-wash to trees, would have the effect to refract the rays of the sun, and thus prevent the heat being communicated to the trunk and branches, it is proper to notice any experiments which have a bearing on the subject.

In the January number of the *Horticulturist*, the editor states that he took two thermometers, which agreed perfectly; and to the bulb of one of them he applied a thick coating of white-wash and allowed it to become dry; the other was left as usual. The result is given as follows:

"After being exposed for an hour to the full sunshine, the naked thermometer indicated 97 degrees—the thermometer with the white-washed bulb only 79 degrees—being a difference of 18 degrees."—*Albany Cultivator.*

SELECT VARIETIES OF FRUIT.

In the November number of the Horticulturist, the editor gives the following lists of fruits, "unimpeachably good in all soils"—"which have won a large vote by their uniformity of character:"

Apples—9 Varieties.

Early Harvest,	Baldwin,
Early Strawberry,	Ladies' Sweeting,
Williams' Favorite,	Rhode Island Greening,
Gravenstein,	Roxbury Russet.
Porter,	

Pears—9 Varieties.

Bartlett,	Louise Bonne de Jersey,
Beurre Bosc,	Seckel,
Dix,	Beurre d'Aremberg,
Fondante d'Automne,	Winter Nelis.
Gray Doyenne,	

Plums—8 Varieties.

Bleecker's Gage,	Jefferson,
Coe's Golden Drop,	Lawrence's Favorite,
Diapree Rouge,	Smith's Orleans,
Green Gage,	Purple Favorite.

Cherries—8 Varieties.

Bauman's May,	Downton,
Black Tartarian,	Bigarreau,
Black Eagle,	Elton,
Downer's Late,	Mayduke.

Peaches—8 Varieties.

Early York,	Bergen's Yellow,
George IV.,	Royal George,
Grosse Mignonne,	Oldmixon Freestone,
Coolidge's Favorite,	Large White Cling.

Apricots—Moorpark, Breda.
Nectarines—Elruge, Early Violet.

We believe the preceding list to be nearly as perfect as can be furnished with the present amount of experience in this country. Such fine varieties as the Newtown Pippin, Fall Pippin, and the White Doyenne Pear, are rejected because they do not succeed *universally*. Perhaps further trial will compel the rejection on the same grounds of one or two others; the Gray Doyenne, for instance, although succeeding well in the Eastern States and England, cracks badly at Cleveland, in Ohio, according to Dr. Kirtland and F. R. Elliott; and the Baldwin apple grown at Cleaveland, we are also informed is affected with bitter rot. A more extensive trial of the Jefferson plum throughout this country, would more perfectly settle its claim to uniform excellence. This select list, however, is unquestionably the best which has yet appeared.

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE.

FROM THE BOSTON CULTIVATOR.

Sulphate of lime, gypsum, plaster of Paris, in common parlance, and for agricultural purposes, mean one, and the same thing. Sulphate of lime or gypsum, when pure, contains in 100 lbs., about 46 lbs. of sulphuric acid, (oil of vitriol,) 33 pounds of lime, and 21 pounds of water. When wanted for stucco-work, casts, &c., the ground gypsum is put in a cauldron or kettle, over a fire, and heated till the 21 pounds of water are driven off, and then strictly speaking, the gypsum becomes "plaster of Paris," and possesses the quality of setting, or hardening, when wetted and made into mortar.

Gypsum is now, and has been for a long time, used as a manure, and the wonderful effects resulting from its application to some soils and crops, have given rise to a great variety of theories to account for its effects, not only among practical farmers, but also, in the ranks of the learned and scientific.

When doctors disagree, who shall decide? why, sometimes plain common-sense steps in, and renders a true verdict, and what does that say? why, that most plants contain in their organism a certain quantity of sulphur in combination with other substances. Some kinds of plants requiring more, and others less of it in their composition, but all our cultivated plants contain it in a sensible quantity.

It is also one of the essential elements of various parts of animals; it is found in the blood, muscle, hair, nails, &c. The albumen, fibrine and caseine, are rich in sulphur. From what source does the animal body derive these three fundamental components. Unquestionably they are obtained from the plants upon which the animal subsists. The source from which sulphur is obtained by plants is not the atmosphere, according to Prof. Leibig, but the soil, whence it is furnished by the decomposition of the sulphates. Now it is certain plants cannot take in sulphur in its raw or crude state, but they must take it in their rootlets after it has formed a chemical union with the oxygen of the air—when it becomes sulphuric acid, which readily unites, in certain proportions, with lime, soda, potash, and other bases, forming sulphates; all these sulphates are more or less soluble in water, and as they are generally present in one or more kinds, in most soils, they furnish to plants in a growing state the necessary sulphur.

Some may ask how the sulphur is *naturally* supplied to the soil. The answer is by the disintegration, and decomposition of rocks and stones containing sulphur and iron—or alumina. I have, and so have hundreds of other farmers, dug from beneath the soil tons upon tons of hard and perfectly sound rocks, that had lain in the soil "ever since the flood," and up to the time they were dug they had not apparently gained or lost a single ounce. The diluvial grooves and scratches caused by their transportation in that resistless current of water that once swept over this continent in some bygone time, were as legible as if made but yesterday.

Soon after these rocks are exposed to the action of the atmosphere and moisture, a marked change commences—the oxygen of the air, aided by moisture, combines with the iron in the stones or rocks, which flakes off in thin reddish scales, and the sulphur is set free, and that in turn combines with the oxygen, and sulphuric acid is generated, the acid combines with the oxide of iron—(iron rust,) and sulphate of iron (or copperas) is the result, as this is very soluble in water, the soil becomes saturated with *copperas water*, and on many farms most injuriously, too. But sulphate of iron is easily decomposed as well as easily dissolved. If it comes in contact (in a moist state) with lime, potash, or soda, the acid leaves the iron and unites with the potash or lime, as it has a stronger affinity for those bases, and sulphate of potash or lime is formed, the iron is left by itself, and is called by chemists, per-oxide of iron, that is, the same kind of oxide, or rust that is formed on an iron tool after being exposed to the weather.

Now, by applying lime to a soil of this description, the lime combines with the acid, and sulphate of lime is formed; in this way *lime* is useful for agricultural purposes, "and no mistake." The source from which plants obtain sulphur is not the atmosphere, according to Prof. Leibig, but the *soil* whence it is furnished by the decomposition of sulphates! The decomposition of rocks containing sulphates of iron can supply sulphur to plants, as well as plaster of Paris can, or any other sulphate, and very diluted sulphuric acid has precisely the same effect, as many experiments have proved.

The beneficial effects resulting from the application of gypsum, to many soils, is not the lime, as stated by M. Boussingault, but from the acid—or rather the *sulphur* the gypsum contains.

From some experiments—much observation—and many enquiries, I am led to believe, that the application of plaster to soils containing "brimstone rocks" does not usually produce any visible effect, because there is already enough of the sulphur compound in the soil, and applying more is like carrying "coals to Newcastle!"

L. BARTLETT.

DEPTH OF MANURE.

Considerable discussion is going on in the papers, relative to the proper depth to bury manure. Some assert that its best parts descend, and therefore it should be but slightly covered; while others maintain that nearly the whole strength becoming gaseous, rises, and it must therefore be buried deep. All this difference of opinion results from the attempt to make a rule that shall apply to all circumstances.

One farmer applies manure to the surface of a newly-ploughed field late in the spring, and harrows it in. Hot and dry weather follows, and being only partially covered, much of it escapes in vapor and is wasted; the few light rains which occur are insufficient to wash much of the soluble portions into the soil, it never reaches the roots of the crop, and consequently produces little or no effect. Again, he ploughs it deeply into the soil, and the reverse in every respect takes place. Hence he becomes thoroughly satisfied that manure should *always*, under all circumstances, be buried deep.

Another farmer applies his manure late in autumn, to the surface. Cold weather prevents fermentation, and the enriching portions which otherwise would escape in vapor, is washed by the abundant rains, in the form of liquid manure, into the soil; and by the usual time of ploughing in spring, the surface of the soil for a few inches, is saturated with the most fertilizing parts, the plough turning under the rest. All is thus saved; and the farmer is convinced that surface application is *invariably* the best.

They "both are right, and both are wrong." They should act according to circumstances. Every farmer is aware, by the smell, that but little manure escapes from his yard in winter, but much in summer. Hence in winter and in late autumn and early spring, manure may safely lie at or near the surface, and its soluble parts will descend deep enough into the earth. But in a dry soil, and during a dry warm season, it can, scarcely be ploughed too deep, for benefitting the roots of plants. Indeed, by a shallow covering, it will be likely to do no good at all, the moisture of the earth being insufficient to dissolve it, and hence the reason that manure in dry seasons sometimes does more harm than good. And hence, too, why a thorough harrowing, to break it fine and mix it with the soil, after it is spread, and before ploughing in, is found so useful.—*Albany Cultivator.*

POTATO DISEASE.—This disease has been known for several years at Bogota, South America, (where they are indigenous,) especially in rainy seasons.

AGE OF CATTLE BY THEIR TEETH AND HORNS.

FROM THE ALBANY CULTIVATOR.

Some years ago, a gentleman presented at the Cattle Fair at Paris, Ky., a bull, as a two year old. The rules of this fair allow an animal to be presented as a two year old, until he is three; the fractions of a year not being counted; and this bull was nearly three by the certificate presented with him.

One of the judges, who had Youatt's Treatise upon British Cattle, contended that he was four years old, and that there must be some mistake or fraud somewhere.

The above circumstance induced me to examine a number of the cattle whose ages I knew; and the result was, that Durham cattle have their teeth much sooner than the ages specified in Youatt's Treatise. I examined none that were not six months for each year in advance of these marks. The two year old, would have the marks of three, and so of other ages. These cattle had all been well fed, and were large for their ages.

It is natural to suppose that cattle that come early to maturity, would cut their teeth sooner than those of slow growth, and this is found to be the fact.

Buffon says that cattle have a full mouth at three, Parkinson at four, and Youatt at five years old. There are other authorities for each of these periods, so that it is reasonable to suppose the observations of these persons were made upon different kinds of cattle. Good keep will make cattle look younger than they really are when judged by the horns, and older by the teeth. Poor keep will increase the rings on the horns and retard the cutting of the teeth. If an animal gets *very poor* the first winter, and is kept badly afterward, he will always have the marks on his horns of being two years older than his real age. If a cow has a calf at two years old, she will always show marks on her horns of greater age than if she had not bred early.

SAMUEL D. MARTIN.

RYE REPEATED ON THE SAME GROUND.

We have more than once called the attention of our readers to the statements made by some farmers of their success in growing rye for a long course of years on one lot of land. When we mentioned those cases at one of our agricultural meetings some farmers doubted whether we had any lands in Massachusetts that would bear such a course of cropping.

But Mr. Lawton, of Great Barrington, tells us that a near neighbor of his, in Berkshire county, had grown rye for twenty-eight years in succession on the same lot of ground, and that the last crop was quite as good as any of the course, yielding a very handsome return.

The rye here, as in the other cases, was sown in August, and the stubble was all ploughed under. Who can say, till a trial is actually made, that we have not thousands of acres in Massachusetts which will produce an annual harvest of rye by proper tillage, and without manure?

All farmers have spare acres that they are unable to manure, and those are suffered to remain in an unproductive state because it is believed they will not repay the ploughing. We think it highly important to make those old fields produce enough to pay the taxes on them at the least. If we can grow a third more grain than we do by ploughing at the very best time and sending with the proper grains, it will be a great gain for Massachusetts.

We know we have thousands of acres of sandy loams, producing generally but very little; yet capable of bearing buckwheat at the rate of fifteen bushels an acre. Such fields may be cultivated without manure, and the straw and grain will feed an increased number of animals that will all make manure.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

ASHES ON CORN.

Stable or yard manure most always stand at the head of the list of fertilizers, for value and universality of application; but gypsum, ashes, lime, bones, &c., will be more or less valuable as auxiliaries. In some cases the effects of the latter may not be sufficiently great to be striking or apparent; in others they are quite conspicuous. An experiment with ashes, by Wm. Van Deusen, accurately conducted, is detailed in a late number of the Gen. Farmer. The soil was a light, thin sandy loam on a hard-pan bottom. Ashes was applied to the hills of corn, after planting, at the rate of 3½ bushels per acre. Two rows, precisely like the rest in every respect, were left unashed. The following are the results, which we have condensed into tabular form; two rows being taken on each side of the two unashed, by way of comparison:

	Product.	ear-corn.	good corn	per acre in ears.
Unashed,	160½ lbs.	45½ lbs.	121 lbs.	49 bu.
Ashed, west side,	209½ "	35½ "	178 "	72 "
Ashed, east side,	205 "	27½ "	177½ "	72 "

Thus it will be perceived that the ashes gave 23 bushels of ears more per acre; the whole gain on the five acre field where the experiment was tried being 115 bushels—besides the increase of fodder—all for 17½ bushels of ashes. The soil was evidently of that character which is most benefitted by the application of ashes. On heavy rich land the result would doubtless have been far less obvious.—*Albany Cultivator.*

GRAIN IN RUSSIA.—A traveller in Northern Russia, finds that summer rye and barley are cultivated with success; where the average temperature is only 26, (ours is over 50,) and where the earth at 7 feet depth is continually frozen and never thaws. The season is only from 3½ to 3 months from ploughing to harvest. In this neighborhood, but on a plateau of much higher land, the shaft of a mine was sunk through 171 feet of frozen earth. The springs that this high land produced ran the whole year at a temperature of 36, only 4 degrees above freezing.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Humorous Sketch.

HOW JOE DUNKLIN'S PONEY RUN HIS LEGS OFF.

FROM THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

One day Joe Dunklin drove up to a country tavern with a very short legged poney, which he called Dick. The animal looked so dumpy as to attract the attention of several of the knowing ones, who happened to be out at the shed. After cracking several jokes on the shortness of the animal's legs, one of the party said, inquiringly—

"That's a most singular creature, stranger—he's one of 'em, sartin—but these things happen frequently. You have no doubt seen various monstrosities in the animal world partaking of the same general characteristics of this animal."

"Exactly, stranger. I have seen the Siamese Twins and the two-legged Bear—besides any quantity of insects, from a bed-bug to a boa constrictor—but I never saw one that run himself into that predicament yet!" replied Joe.

"You don't pretend to say that horse run his legs off?" said the individual, incredulously.

"I don't pretend to say anything else," responded Joe, looking the stranger full in the eye.

"Well, I declare, it's the most remarkable instance I ever heard of," said the stranger, scrutinizing the poney more intensely than before.

"If you'll stand the liquor, I'll tell you all about it," said Joe.

The liquor being brought, Joe mounted a sugar-hogshead, that he might edify the whole crowd, and began as follows:

"One day—no matter when, for I haven't time to recollect dates, I was riding Dick slowly across one of those infernally broad prairies that seem to have neither ends nor sides, (lying between Fort Leavenworth and the Rocky Mountains,) and thinking about the probable chances of losing my trap and scalp in case I met with the Pawnees, when a low rumbling noise fell upon my ear,—like the muttering of distant thunder. I looked up, but there wasn't a cloud—the sky was just as blue and quiet as my wife Polly's eye. So it couldn't be thunder. It might be an earthquake. This wasn't a very pleasant reflection, for, as I had lived in New Madrid, and seen the ground gape some, I expected every minute to find myself and Dick beautifully buried without the assistance of undertaker or sexton.

"The sound by this time had increased to a pretty chunky roar, and as there was no chance of being swallowed up, I thought it only reasonable to take an observation, for things began to look as though they wouldn't last long. Turning in my saddle, I saw one of the most interesting spectacles, to a man situated as I was, that I ever expect to look on again. About half a mile behind me, roaring, snorting, blowing and *running* as if old Satan was after them, was one of the most unrighteous piles of buffaloes ever congregated together. And they put it down as if each fellow was striving to be the first to get a dig at me. I tried to appear *cool*, but it was no use—my hair kept rising, till it got so stiff that each bristle would have balanced a plate. Blazers! how fierce they looked, with their eyes flaming like fire-coals, and their shaggy manes streaming in the wind!"

"Didn't you feel awful?" asked a sympathetic spectator, appealing to Joe.

"Feel!" responded our hero—"I felt like a stray pig on the railroad track, with an express locomotive behind him, and a high fence on both sides of the road. There was no such thing as running round them, for they were spread across the prairie as far as the eye could reach, and came down upon me like a great black wave. Time was growing precious; every second counted. The only chance was in a straight race—Dick and I against the field. In the twinkling of an eye I stripped Dick to the bridle, and myself *to the spurs*. The buffaloes were now well up, and doing their nastiest—the poney all of a tremble to be off. It was a sin to hold him, and, to tell the truth, I wasn't very anxious to do so. A yell did the business, and away he went like a scared dog.

"On! on! on!—prairies, woods and rivers were passed with a perfect *rush*. Still the buffaloes were bumping themselves just at my heels. I knew by the deafening thunder of their tramp, however, that the herd was growing thinner—this I couldn't account for till afterwards. Just about this time one of Dick's hoofs came off. He limped a little, but wouldn't give in on inch. When the second slipped the pace became more even. Then the third went, and in half a minute more his last hoof pulled off in a quagmire. But when he got off his stumps—smile and terrapins!—how he tore along. Looking back, (for I felt now just as easy as a hungry hog in a potato patch,) there lay one of the prettiest strings of buffalo, for about five miles, that you ever did see! Gentlemen, we had run every sinner of 'em to death, with the exception of one old bull, who seemed determined to win or perish in the attempt! He couldn't come it, though—we beat him *just a length!* Dick fell at last—and so did the venerable Eclipse of the prairies, just behind him, with his nose well up to the poney's tail!

"I got off, and looked first at Dick and then at the buffalo, and if there wasn't sight of the most beautifully used up and ground off legs———"

"The bull's legs were not run off too?" cried an excited spectator, interrupting Joe.

"You'd thought they were, if you'd seen 'em!" replied Joe.

"Did he live?" queried another listener.

"He didn't do anything subsequent! and when I saw him again he hadn't a blamed bit of legs *at all!* He had had another race, I suppose, and run 'em off smack up to his body!"

"I guess that put an end to *his racing!*" said the last speaker in the crowd.

"Well it didn't!" responded Joe.

"How did he get along then?"

"*He rolled*, gentlemen, *just as nat'ral as a saw log on an inclined plane!*—whereupon Joe descended from his hogshead, mounted Dick, and rode off amid a shout that would have done honor to the lungs of Stentor.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

I am a word of eight letters.
My 4, 5, 6, is an undermining creature.
My 1, 2, 6, is fond of bitters.
My 3, 2, 4, 8, 7, is man when he ceases to need clothing.
My 5, 8, 1, is an animal not remarkable for his intelligence.
My 6, 5, 4, is used on board ships.
My 7, 5, 6, is an act by which we live.
My 2, 5, 6, 8, are given to horses.
My 8, 7, 5, 6, is a very convenient thing to tired persons.
My whole is the name of a philosopher.

CHARADE.

My first is, in itself, complete,
And you can add no more;
My second is in Chesnut street,
With carriage at the door.

My whole contrived a boat to sail
Against both wind and tide;
To cross the sea, to take the mail,
And blow us up beside.

RIDDLES.

I.

More swift than car upon a rail,
I scare the Millerites to death,
Through ether's void I drag my tail,
And never stop for want of breath.

II.

I come from heaven with a sound,
A sound that follows me;
I sometimes smite the trembling ground,
And often smite a tree.

While mortals shudder at my glare,
I fill the weak with fear;
And yet my fury they will dare,
And fight me with a spear.

III.

I always make the ladies blush,
And yet I never speak;
But silently I call a flush
Upon the boldest cheek.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

There are two walls, with a street of a certain width between them; and in that street, I the width of the street from one of the walls, stands a steeple. Now from the top of this steeple to the foot of one of the walls is 40 feet, and from the foot of this wall across the street to the foot of the other wall, and from thence to the top of the steeple is just twice as much (or 80 feet.) I wish to know the height of the steeple, and the distance of the walls from each other. D. D.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a fruit pie like old port?
Ans.—Because it is crusted.

☞ What is sharper than a razor?
Ans.—Hunger.

☞ Why is a thump like a hat?
Ans.—Because it is *felt*.

☞ Why ought a fisherman to be very wealthy?
Ans.—Because his is all *net* profit.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.
5 cows, 1 sheep and 94 hogs
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RIDDLES.
UMBRELLA. HEART.

CHARADE.
PENNSYLVANIA.

REBUS.
Cowper—Orion. S. Murray—Ram—Normans—Wallace—Amalekites—Lucifer—Lottery—Ireland—Satyr.
CORNWALLIS.

The Olio.

FLOWERS.

There the rose unveils
Her breast of beauty, and each delicate bud
Of the season comes in turn to bloom and perish.
But first of all the violet, with an eye
Blue as the midnight heavens; the frail snow-drop,
Born of the breath of winter, and his brow
Fixed like a pale and solitary star;
The languid hyacinth, and wild primrose,
And daisy trodden down like modest worth,
And fox-glove, in whose drooping bells the bee
Makes sweet her music, the narcissus (named
From him who died of love,) the tangled woodbine,
Lilac and flowering limes, and scented thorns,
—And some from whom the voluptuous winds of June
Catch their perfumings.

ROMAN MANNERS.

The Romans, in a great measure, adopted their manners from the Greeks. Various arts of courtship were used among the Romans, as among the Greeks, but only in illicit amours, and those had in them very little of a sentimental character.—With our ideas of refinement and the romance of love, we are perpetually astonished at the want of such a sentiment even among the poets of Greece and Rome. There is nothing in the history of man for which it is more difficult to account.

We have no evidence that there was anything like courtship as a prelude to marriage. In the Roman authors, we frequently read of a father, brother, or guardian, giving his daughter, sister, or ward in marriage, but never where an intended bridegroom applied to the lady for her consent, although we have the most minute accounts of the manners and habits of the Roman people; and this is the more remarkable, since women, at a late period of the Roman empire, rose to a dignity and freedom scarcely paralleled in modern times.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

The Boston *Bee* relates the following instances of absence of mind, which did *actually* occur in that city, and can be attested to by several persons:—

A lady called at a store in Hanover street, to make some purchases, and after remaining a short time, departed, taking with her, an *old broom*, instead of her *umbrella*, and did not discover her mistake until she attempted to *open it*. She immediately returned and rectified the error, not a little mortified at the event.

A gentleman visiting a friend's house for the first time, after passing a very pleasant evening, rose to depart, taking with him a *lighted lamp*. On reaching the front steps, he very politely bid the company good night, when some of the inmates requested him to be good enough to leave the lamp. He probably thought he was going to bed.

TOO TRUE.

Is it not become a proverb, that the old professors are the fierce opponents of a new discovery? Who imprisoned Galileo? The monkish monopolists of science and knowledge. Who persecuted Caxton? The transcribers of manuscripts. Who denounced Luther? The priests of the old faith. Who jeered at Harvey's discovery of the arterial circulation? The physicians of the day. Who called Lord Stanhope a madman for putting steam engines into a ship? A committee of naval captains. Who ridiculed railroads? The old coach proprietors. Who laughed at the man that first stocked away the useless hedge-rows, grubbed up the trees, deep ploughed and deep drained the land and spared no expense in the appliances to the farmery? The surrounding farmers.

A BOOK.—A book was a thing formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside.—The world is, at present, divided into two classes, those who forget to read, and those who read to forget. Book-making, which used to be a science, is now a manufacture, with which, as in every thing else, the market is so completely overstocked, that our literary operatives, if they wish to avoid starving, must eat up one another. They have, for some time, been employed in cutting up each other, as if to prepare for the meal. Alas! they must have reason for their feast, without finding it a feast of reason.

MORNING HYMN FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

FROM THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

Oh God! I see the morning light,
And Thou hast kept me through the night!
I thank Thee for Thy love and care,
And beg Thee hear my morning prayer.

Keep me, oh God! again to-day,
And take my naughty heart away;
Oh! make me gentle, good, and mild,
Just like the Saviour when a child.

And when to-night I fall asleep,
Oh! come again, the watch to keep;
So let my life all pass away,
With God my keeper night and day.

O'CONNELL.

Here is an instance of his ready tact and infinite resource in the defence of his client. In a trial at Cork for murder, the principal witness swore strongly against the prisoner. He particularly swore that a hat, found near the place of the murder, belonged to the prisoner, whose name was James. "By virtue of your oath, are you sure that this is the same hat?"

"Yes."

"Did you examine it carefully before you swore in your informations that it was the prisoner's?"

"I did."

"Now, let me see," said O'Connell, as he took up the hat, and began to examine it carefully in the inside. He then spelled aloud the the name of James, slowly, thus, J-a-m-e-s. "Now, do you mean those words were in the hat when you found it?"

"I do."

"Did you see them there?"

"I did."

"And this is the same hat?"

"It is."

"Now, my lord," said O'Connell, holding up the hat to the bench, "there is an end of the case,—there is no name whatever inscribed in the hat." The result was an instant acquittal.—*Fagan's Life and Times of O'Connell.*

MARTIAL LAW.—A Lieutenant of the 10th regiment, in a communication in the Matamoras Flag, thus tersely sums up the "code martial:" "Please inform your correspondent that the only 'principle of law' which are known here, are of the code martial. It consists of but two articles:—I order—you obey."

A BIT OF PURE GOLD FROM EMERSON'S ESSAYS.—It is easy to live in the world after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own—but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

Advertisements.

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"———, Jan. —, 1848.—*Dear Sir*: I am, as you had supposed, in possession of material furnished me at different times by various celebrated Border characters, all of which contain more of "matter of fact," than fancy, and which, without drawing on the imagination for adventures, contains interest enough to warrant publication at any time. There is enough of romance in the hardy life of the bold pioneer of the West, to throw in the shade the fictions of chivalric ages, and I am happy to accede to your proposal, and give to you my sketches entitled 'Border Rollicks, or Reports from the Rifle of an old Frontier Man.' I shall forward you the two first as soon as I am able to make a thorough revision of the whole."

It will be seen by the above extract from a private letter to the publisher, that arrangements have been made with another of our distinguished Western authors to give to the world his sketches of backwoods life, and as one great characteristic of their merit will be their foundation upon *real facts* never before given to the world, their publicity must meet with the warm approval of every American. They will be commenced in the March number if received in time; if not, in the number for April.

Being fortunate enough to secure the services of one of the most eminent critics, the department of REVIEWS will be made a feature seldom seen in any Periodical IN THE WORLD. Books will be impartially reviewed at length, if deserving of particular attention, and those desiring a record of the doings of the Literary world would do well to examine this department. Casting aside the old plan of depending solely on NAMES for success, the Publisher of Holden's Dollar Magazine has adopted the system of the Spectator of Johnson's and Addison's time, and Blackwood and our own Quarterlies of the present day, and though confessing himself indebted to some of our best authors for their contributions to each number, he has given every article to the world *anonymously*. The Spectator owed much of its success to the mystery in which its essays were shrouded, and could the world but know whence emanated some of the scorching articles furnished us by Blackwood within the past few months, New York would probably be the scene of another *Literary War*. The proprietor is confident that this plan must eventually be the plan for Periodical Literature, and he only asks from the lovers of

GOOD READING

an inspection of his Magazine.

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Translations of some of the minor tales of Eugene Sue, Alexander Dumas, George Sand, &c., will be given, if free from the pernicious influences of most French Tales, and particular care will be taken that nothing demoralizing in its tone ever finds a place in the Dollar Magazine.

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